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COVER: Portrait of a Venetian Lady, 1505, by ALBRECHT DÜRER, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

MAY, 1937

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET

for

MAY

1937

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DAVID A. SMART
PUBLISHER

CORONET
May 1, 1937

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Coronet, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States, and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and South America, $4.00 a year in advance; elsewhere $5.00 a year.

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Vol. 2, No. 1
Whole No. 7

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PAIN FOR NOTHING

BEGINNING THE EPIC ACCOUNT OF AN ODYSSEY AMONG THE DOCTORS

In a blizzard in February, 1936, Don Daugherty, who was slowly dying, came to our camp by Lake Michigan. Again and again for ten years he had been given up by small and great surgeons so that he knew his own doom, and the miracle of his still being alive had become drab to him. This snowy day he came with no hope of some new cure to which I might direct him. Long ago I had failed him there and my advice came near killing him quickly, not slowly, five years before. Now he wanted to write in the short time he knew was left him the biography of his illness that was inexorable as incurable cancer. In an hour of tragi-comic narrative he sketched an epic of human hope never quite downed by suffering or often imminent death. He was not bitter at medical bungling because his experience had taught him that for every doctor failing him through greed or stupidity there was another failing only because science had not yet found the answer to the death that gnawed within him. Postgraduate in suffering that he was, he made me ashamed of the superficiality of my own stories of the human death fight. Today he has proved his plan was no day-dream. Now against the stream of the failing of his vital functions he is writing a story that cannot fail to touch the hearts and brains of men and women of goodwill. It reduces to absurdity solemn inquiries about costs of medical care or arguments about socialized medicine. Daugherty makes you see that in this age of possible plenty every human must have the right to live. He makes you understand that before God all suffering people are equal. He burns it into your feelings that in human suffering and death any consideration of private profit is an infamy.

—PAUL DE KRUIF

AUGUST of my twenty-third year, 1926, was to me as autumn of '29 was to the stock market; I was riding high and handsome and also for a fall. I was working as a "mud-smeller," an oil geologist, in the desert oil fields of the San Joaquin Valley, California. I was happy in my work, and captivated by the hustle and excitement inherent in the production end of the oil business, and outside my work my life was pleasant. Marje, my wife, pretended convincingly to like living in the drab little town of Taft where I had my headquarters. Of an evening other geologists brought their wives over to play bridge, or we sought respite from the terrific heat in the only cool spot for miles around, the local theatre, which was air-conditioned. We were young, able to find fun anywhere, even in a jumping-off place like Taft.

Then one night at the bridge table —just as it can happen to anyone— wham! a pain hit me running from hip to knee down the outside of my left leg. I was no stranger to pain, for eight years before I had smashed my leg and had to have the decayed bone removed by an operation before I made a complete recovery. But that night the pain was sharp, deep, and of

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such intensity that I felt sure something serious was wrong. It was all I could do to finish out the evening and it was three o'clock before the pain diminished to a point allowing sleep. The next morning, although I felt exhausted, the pain was gone and I was able to drag myself to work.

For the next two weeks I stayed stubbornly on my feet, working every day, though nights my leg pained until I was sleeping very little. Marje persuaded me to try Christian Science, and to please her I honestly tried to think that what I foolishly thought of as pain was, after all, only "error." I was so husky it was hard for us to take my sickness seriously.

Finally I gave up, went to bed and called in two physicians. These doctors were brothers and had excellent local reputations. They burned me painfully with diathermy and gave me an overdose of morphine, which led to my naming them the Blunder Brothers. But when they took an X-ray of my hip with a machine far too small to penetrate at that point, pretending to make a diagnosis from the confused blur of this picture, I knew it was time to seek more competent medical aid.

By now my temperature had reached 103 and some nights I was delirious. I had tremendous night sweats and the pain was constant and terrific.

I made an agonizing trip by train to Los Angeles and went into a big hospital there under the care of Dr. Berry*, a man everyone assured me was a good diagnostician and the hottest specialist in town on arthritis. I had to choose him by reputation, but, late in the afternoon on the day of my arrival when I got my first look at him, I was satisfied with my selection.

Dr. Berry had the one thing necessary for a commercial success in doctoring—a pleasing, confidence-inspiring bedside manner. He was a small man, over fifty, very dignified, with a soothing voice. His bedside patter ran to the effect that now *he* was my doctor all my worries were over. He would do all my worrying for me. He always had wonderful success in all cases similar to mine and, therefore, my trouble would yield easily to his treatment. Kindly, almost fatherly, he convinced me.

Looking back, I always think of this doctor as Bedside Berry, the bedroom spellbinder. But his fellow doctors have another name for him. Years later I spoke of him to a Chicago doctor, a friend of mine, and was surprised to find that he knew about him. "Within the profession," this Chicago man said, "he is known as Emetin Berry because he gives nearly all his patients emetin."

Isn't this a fine thing? Here is a man known by his associates to be riding

**All the doctors' names used in this article are fictitious for the reason I hold no personal grudge against them. They are, I feel, representative of thousands of others in their profession who are no better and no worse. Therefore, it would be unfair to single them out for exposure. Some readers, especially doctors, will recognize them but this cannot be avoided.*

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a crazy hobby, treating his patients, whatever the cause of their trouble, with the same medicine. Yet he is allowed to go merrily on his way taking money for his quackery, spoiling people's chances by delaying them from obtaining real help, and, in some cases, keeping them in his care until it is too late. Emetin is not a harmless drug. It is highly toxic and if given in large quantities will cause loss of weight and exhaustion. Yet right today, Dr. Berry practices in one of the best hospitals in Los Angeles and for all a layman knows, enjoys the best of standing among his fellow doctors. It would be highly unethical for any other doctor to knock him.

But that afternoon I knew nothing of all this. Dr. Berry had won my complete confidence. The next day, without consulting me, he dragged a bone surgeon into the case. It was necessary, Berry said, because of my old bone trouble to "rule out" the possibility of a recurrence. This orthopedic, Dr. Fatso, was a big, fat man who talked loudly and too much. He impressed me as a bluff, but I knew he had a good local reputation. He poked at my hip, cracked a lot of jokes stale enough to make even a radio comedian blush, and ordered a set of X-ray plates. This little session was afterwards listed on his bill as a complete examination at $35.

Dr. Berry was a little more diplomatic about the next doctor called into consultation. We must eliminate, he said, the possibility that I was being poisoned by bad sinuses. I asked if he, himself, couldn't take a peek up my nose to see what went on, but he was horrified at the idea. No, that was out of his line, we would have to have a specialist. Since I have always had some slight sinus trouble, I gave in. I wasn't being poisoned by bad sinuses but it cost me $80 for the X-ray of my head and the specialist to prove it.

Dr. Fatso brought my other X-rays. They were clear pictures but they showed no definite trouble. Fatso claimed it was just possible some vague shadows in the sacro-iliac region might be bony hooks which caused me pain when I moved. He rather favored this idea. Since my pain came almost a hundred times a minute—every time my heart beat—whether I moved or not, I could not see any sense to his theory. I was right. But it is hard when you realize your deep ignorance of medical lore to back your own opinion against that of an expert.

By the end of the week Dr. Berry had finished his diagnosis. It was arthritis due to intestinal parasites. True, he had found none of these parasites, but there was enough indication, he felt, to go ahead with his treatment. It was, as you have probably suspected, emetin in the vein twice a day. Also I had morphine for the pain, and some round metallic pills (arsenic I think) which I called my Iron pills.

As I lay with the pain beating dreadfully in my hip, I couldn't help contrasting the snail-like slowness of the hospital routine with the hustle and

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efficiency of the oil industry. Here they had taken a week to make a few tests and X-rays which I felt could surely have been completed in a day had there been any snap to their organization.

Also I was surprised at the amount of noise around me. The mid-September days were hot so the doors of my private room had to be left open for ventilation. I heard the high, whining, mumbling groans of patients coming out of the anesthetic; pans were dropped, elevator doors clanged, doctors and nurses talked loudly as they made their rounds.

But the most senseless, the most nerve shattering of all, was the loudspeaker system used in this hospital (and many others) to call the doctors. Every few minutes it brayed some doctor's name over and over. Imagine! With all that science knows about the tiring effects of noise on the nerves of a well person, it seems incredibly stupid that doctors would allow such a needless nuisance to rasp the pain-stretched nerves of sick people who need all their energy to help them fight. Yet many hospitals today use this loudspeaker system to summon doctors. They have signs posted outside reading, "QUIET—HOSPITAL ZONE" and inside these brass-throated speakers sap the nerve energy of patients by their intermittent squawkings.

If doors could be closed in hot weather, if hospitals like theatres and railroad trains were air-conditioned so that the doors *could* be closed, then noisy halls would not matter. But hospitals do not have to meet competition like a theatre. Hospitals are always full without bothering to air-condition rooms. This being so, it will be many years before a person fighting for life in a hospital will enjoy the benefits of science and be able to make his fight in as cool and pleasant an atmosphere as he would if he were well and out for amusement at a theatre.

I remained another week in the hospital and then moved to a bungalow in a court. During my two weeks' stay I had improved until I could walk without much pain on a pair of crutches. The night we moved in both Marje and I felt very hopeful, almost happy.

We were scarcely settled when two workmen called to remove a piano which the previous tenant had lost through failure to keep up the payments. Seeing my crutches they naturally concluded an accident had taxed our finances and that we were the ones being dispossessed, a belief we furthered by looking doleful though inwardly bursting with laughter. There followed a fine exhibition of painless piano moving. For every foot they moved the piano they offered a tale with a happy ending about hard times and sickness. Even after they had the piano in the van they came back to tell another story about a friend who had recovered from leg trouble. After they left we laughed until our sides ached. We felt good, too, about their kindliness and deplored a fate which kept such tender hearted men taking pianos away from people.

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During the next two months, however, my physical condition certainly didn't warrant laughter. Despite Dr. Berry's assurance that everything was going splendidly, I got a little sicker and weaker every day. My temperature mounted again until some nights it reached 104. The pain was almost unbearable and sometimes I was delirious. I could keep nothing but milk and orange juice on my stomach. I remember one night I sweat the sheets through seven times. But I had plenty of moral support. Marje met the situation with gay courage. She did heroic work as nurse and housekeeper and yet managed to remain a delightful companion.

Along towards the end of October, my leg drew up in a protective muscle spasm until it was about half-way doubled up. There it stayed, absolutely rigid. Dr. Fatso prescribed physiotherapy for this new trouble which necessitated the agony of dressing and of a jouncing taxi ride downtown. The first time I was in Fatso's office I stepped on the scales and found I weighed 135—a loss of fifty pounds since my sickness started.

The treatments were given me by a sizable young chap who charged five dollars a throw (no holds barred). They consisted of heat, followed by massage and manipulation and ended with his trying to pull my leg out straight out by main force. The pain was sickening. I had to fight and hold hard to keep from fainting.

But Dr. Fatso said the treatments were doing me a world of good. A few more of them together with a belt he was going to have made for me and I would be back on my feet. He talked a great deal about this belt which was designed, he said, to hold my sacro-iliac joint immovable. In vain I told him my pain was in my groin not my back. People with sacro-iliac trouble always had "referred" pain in the groin, he said. It didn't seem reasonable to me, but he was my doctor, so he measured me for the belt.

I was alone in the house when the belt maker brought this magic girdle. It was a wonderful thing of grey suede with pads of chamois skin to hold my back motionless. He fitted it on me and I eased out of bed and tried to stand up. I could not see that it made one particle of difference. The belt maker sadly shook his head at the failure and I could see he felt very sorry for me. In a burst of confidence he told me he had seen many arthritic sacro-iliac joints and in his opinion my trouble was nothing so simple. His price for the belt was $30 which I said was too high. Rather furtively, he agreed with me. Then with a final breach of professional etiquette he told me that half of the money went to Dr. Fatso. Further, he claimed that Fatso sometimes held out his share of the money. If I had come directly to his shop, I could have had the same belt for $12.50. Then he eyed me speculatively, because he had told me, you see, that my doctors were fee-splitters. For a doctor who will take his cut from

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an appliance maker will demand his share of fees from the other doctors whom he brings into a case.

But I had never heard of fee-splitting. And stupid as I was from morphine and the toxins of my disease I was very slow on the uptake. Besides, I was preoccupied with my disappointment about the belt, for with its failure went my last shred of confidence in Fatso. Didn't this prove his whole diagnosis to be hay-wire?

Now I wanted to change doctors, but it was too late. They had picked me clean. Though they knew my salary was only a little over $2,000 a year they had charged me over $300 for their first month's services. This together with the $250 for two weeks in the hospital, X-rays, physiotherapy, $80 for the nose doctor and nearly $40 for internal medicine had made my first month of sickness cost me more than I could save in two years. October's bills were less for I had only the doctors and my internal medicine to pay. Still, by the time November's bills came I could see the end of my money. Also, I had just been told that, sympathetic as the company felt, my November pay check would have to be my last. They had worked their way through all the money I had in the bank including $500 belonging to my wife, three salary checks (over $500), some oil stock and even my Petroleum Club membership. It was no great amount, around $1500 I believe, but it was all we had, and the doctors certainly were far from charging in proportion to my income as they always claim to do.

The day I broke it to Dr. Fatso that we could no longer pay him, the news froze his usual false joviality, but he insisted that with his belt I should be able to walk. He wasn't satisfied until I had inched over to the edge of the bed, and climbed painfully to my feet so that he could fasten the belt around me. I stood there naked, except for the girdle and looked down at myself. My left leg was drawn up until only the toes touched the floor. I looked like starving India, or a before-taking-your-tonic patent medicine picture. I knew my ringside weight wouldn't go over 125 pounds.

"Hey, Doc," I said. "There's something wrong with this picture. I should look like this *before* not *after* taking your treatment."

"Ha-ha" laughed Fatso hollowly. But it made him mad and he took it out on me before he left. He sat on the edge of my bed and said that Dr. Berry's emetin had cured me and that now all I needed was exercise! That I would be all right if I would walk every day.

I felt baffled. How was it possible for a doctor of Fatso's reputation to have so little understanding of a case? I told him he asked the impossible.

Then he really got even. He said I was quitting—was yellow. He actually said yellow! It made me so mad that in my weakness I shook all over, making the bed shake too. In one ex-

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plosive, profane tirade, using my best well-driller English, I told him just where to go and the route to take. I never saw him after that.

All through these weeks Dr. Berry had continued his emetin treatment. At times he would discontinue it for a week or give it every other day, but he always returned to it. Also, I was taking seven or eight quarters of morphine a day, my metallic pills, bromides, allonal and some alkalizers. Enough medicine, in fact, to kill a horse. Claiming they were more accurate, Dr. Berry insisted his prescriptions be filled at a large downtown pharmacy. But one day when Marje was in a hurry she had a batch filled at the neighborhood drugstore and found they charged about half what the downtown store did. When he was asked why this was, the local druggist shrugged and said the particular pharmacy which Dr. Berry recommended charged more because they kicked back a percentage to the doctors for sending their patients there. Here, again, was adequate proof that my doctors were the worst kind of piratical fee-splitters.

There is no way of knowing just what percentage of doctors indulge in the macabre practice of fee-splitting. But some honest doctors have admitted in print that the evil is "widespread." In its simplest form it is merely the demand of the medical doctor for a share of the surgeon's fee as a commission for turning the patient over to him. This generally leads, of course, to the doctor recommending the man who will pay him the highest commission, and who is seldom the doctor best fitted to operate. But often, too, a group will work together as this Los Angeles bunch did on me; they call each other into conference and split fees back and forth until the sucker patient is milked dry. There are many honorable doctors who would not stoop to fee-splitting. But there are thousands of others who think nothing of it, and these, I say, are the ghouls of their profession, for they betray their patients' trust and prey upon them when they are helpless through ignorance and defenseless through sickness.

But I was innocent in the ways of doctors and too sick to be very astute. Besides, Dr. Berry's bedside oratory had never quite lost its power to renew my confidence in him. Even at this time when the continual pain and worry were making me every day a little weaker and thinner, he promised that in another day or two I would turn the corner and begin my recovery. How he could promise this in the face of evidence offered by my skeleton-like body, my shallow, rapid breathing, pulse 115, fever 103—evidence which even to a layman suggested death was near—how he could keep on with his crazy emetin injections is a mystery with only two solutions. Either he was insane or so grossly incompetent and greedy as to warrant his expulsion from the medical profession. He had never found

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any of the intestinal parasites for which emetin is a specific, yet he continued but for brief periods of rest to pour the toxic poison of this medicine into my system.

So it was lucky for me that I went broke, for I was in too much of a daze to have any judgment left, making it very possible that I might have kept on with Dr. Berry's treatment until too late. When he learned my money had run out, he was far more diplomatic than Fatso had been. He promised he would continue to treat me faithfully and I could pay him when I was able. But his manner as he said this was far from his top form in bedside suavity. Within a week all his old optimism had vanished and he informed Marje I was so near to death she had better take me home to my people.

All through my sickness I had stubbornly resisted the idea of going home. To me it spelled defeat, for there were no great specialists in my mid-western home town and I realized that my disease was no ordinary trouble. However, there was nothing left to do and I had been worried so long about money that I knew I was lucky to have a home in which to find refuge. But now I felt so weak that I secretly wondered if I could stand the trip. I summoned all my will power and determined I would hold myself together long enough to get home.

I had to borrow trainfare. On the way to the station Marje sprained her ankle, which proved the last straw that made things seem so incredibly bad as to be almost funny. All we needed now, I said, was a tin cup and a couple of pairs of dark glasses and we could go to work.

For weeks the jar of anyone walking near my bed had hurt, so you can easily imagine the ordeal of that jolting train ride. It took my strength very fast, and I felt I was sinking into a stupor. I had to be dragged off the train at my home station, but the pain of the short auto ride to my home revived me so that I was able to crutch my way painfully into the house to sink utterly exhausted onto my bed.

Home. I was broke, defeated, close to death, but I had made it. I was actually there. In my relief I relaxed the tight hold on my nerves, my prized front crumbled and for the first time I cracked. I cried the way a man does when he is ashamed and is fighting for control, with great half-suppressed, choking, gasping sobs that shook my emaciated body.

—Don Daugherty

THE LACONISMS OF HOWARD BLAKE

LOVE—The only emotion less sensible than the love of a man for a maid is the love of a maid for a man.

MARRIAGE—Marriage will continue to fail as long as young people mistake love for the real thing.

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MEET THE PRESIDENT

THE HEAD OF A UNIVERSITY LEADS SUCH A SHELTERED ACADEMIC LIFE

SIX o'clock. The alarm tingled, finally defeating his consciousness. Mary in the next bed stirred, her arm dropping below the covers. For a minute he lay contemplating the day ahead which loomed like a mountain to be climbed. To be sure, it was an average day, but he was tired for mountain climbing. And no wonder. It was several weeks since he had tumbled into bed before two in the morning, and every day he rose at six. Nor was there any chance of getting sleep earlier that night.

The life of an educator. A college president was an educator. Of course. But how much time did he devote to education? How much of his energy and effort went to fighting attacks on the institution? Was his job concerned at all with education? Helped by these unpleasant reflections the President of Mammoth University leaped out of the covers.

At exactly seven forty-five he walked into the office and said good morning to Miss Davis, one of his two secretaries, who had been there half an hour. He glanced at the two piles of letters on his desk, the smaller one being circulars, advertisements and letters from fund-raisers, which he threw away. The top letter of the other pile was from George King, his old classmate at Yale, and the last sentence read:

. . . but of course in your sheltered academic life you can hardly appreciate the continual struggles of the outside world. . . . He sat thinking a minute, then folded it up and put it in his inside pocket. Beside him sat Miss Davis, pencil poised, waiting. Under the oil portrait of President Medingwell, the first leader of Mammoth, the clock tonged slowly.

A letter from the D.A.R. of the state requesting a speech at their annual banquet. Have to accept. Letter from Henry Johnson Downes protesting against something in *Student Daily*. Name has familiar ring; look him up, Miss Davis, and see whether he's one of our regular protesters. Des Moines High wants talk on education on 23rd. Already booked. Report of Committee on Military Instruction of American State Universities; forty pages digested to fifteen of close type. Shoves in pocket to

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read at lunch. Unsigned note from indignant alumnus condemning speech at Kansas City, based on garbled newspaper report. Letter from Kenneth Baynes, secretary of American Civil Liberties Union, praising speech. Draft of report from Dean of Dental School on revision of teaching of pre-clinical subjects. Needs thought, puts in briefcase to take home that night. Four letter from editors asking permission to reprint Kansas City speech. Letter from mother of undergraduate. Dear Mrs. Stevens. As a parent I can sympathize with you over the trouble in which James finds himself. I am a father and interested in the young generation, but of course you must realize it is impossible for me to preach to them. At the same time I will certainly see the boy . . . make every effort . . . cordially yours . . .

The clock bongs nine as the last letter in the pile is reached. Miss Davis shoves back her chair and walks out smiling to greet the Dean of the Law School who has been sitting ten minutes in the anteroom. Through the half-opened door the President can see the look of irritation on the Dean's face vanish as the pretty girl in the cool green dress beams on him. Sixty per cent of the problems of the college president, he reflects, is solved by the right kind of a secretary.

The Dean shakes hands nervously. He sits down and pulls out a long memorandum. For the remainder of the day the President will be machine-gunned by callers, most of whom have been preparing several weeks for those ten minutes. The Dean overstays his period, to be followed, ten minutes later, by the Rogers Professor of Mechanical Engineering. Can the University afford $200 to entertain the Convention of Electrical Engineers next month? No. But the $200 will be found. Note to Miss Davis; have me call the Treasurer's office without fail before night. Next comes Professor Gregory of the Zoology Department to protest about the increasing number of vagrant dogs wandering on the campus.

It's five to ten and at ten the President is due at Chambers Hall where there is a meeting of the Admissions Board. These meetings have been taking place monthly for seventeen years under three different presidents and almost every meeting has attacked the problem of changes in admission requirements. Due to a split in the Board nothing has been accomplished and nothing ever will be. At eleven-fifteen he has to adjourn the session and return to his office. Accompanying him is the irate and disgruntled Chairman of the Committee On Admissions. Is this, he asks, an institution of learning or a kindergarten? It is not a question to be answered off-hand.

To the President's annoyance, an elderly bearded gentleman is in his office, smiling and talking blandly with Miss Davis. The Reverend John Moffat, '88, hasn't been on the Campus since 1905, and wants to de-

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scribe to everyone the changed landmarks and the difference in student and faculty since his day. He has walked in where deans and heads of departments fear to tread unless they have an appointment made a week ahead. It takes time to eject him. At eleven-thirty the Secretary walks in with proofs of the new University catalogue. We're a little late . . . if you *could* let me have them back by tomorrow noon. . . .

Eleven thirty-nine. The Dean of the School of Pharmacy. Large, rotund, pompous, horn-rimmed glasses, huge stomach. The President sees by the way he settles himself in his chair that he means business, and sighs, for it's nearing lunch. The Dean begins. Well, Mr. President, what I have to report to you is extremely distasteful to me, extremely so. It appears that the wife of the Dean of the Medical School said at a tea to Mrs. Morgan, the wife of the head of the Physics Department, who told her cousin who married an instructor in English related to my wife, that the school of Pharmacy was only for boys who couldn't get through other departments of the University, and that the whole football squad was taking my courses. Now, Mr. President, if you think I'm going to stand this sort of thing. . . .

The Dean gets hotter and hotter. His face becomes redder. By the time the Dean's feelings have been assuaged it is twelve forty-three. There are two more callers and a hundred and twenty letters waiting his signature. Miss Davis has a neat trick by which with his signature under a letter she can imitate it, but these letters announcing the votes of the last Regent's meeting must be signed personally. He sees his last two callers while signing, answering the telephone from President Roberts of Harvard who wants to know the qualifications of a young instructor in history, and finally grabbing his hat, rushes off to the Faculty Club.

The majority of men in the big room are pulling on pipes, their luncheon over, as he starts to eat. He would like to sit at a table alone and look over the report of the Committee on Military Instruction which is in his pocket, but this would be regarded as snobbish by the junior instructors, so he is forced to eat at the big table. Just as he finishes his meat, someone leans over his shoulder. Jennings, his executive assistant, whispers in his ear. Mr. Morrison . . . waiting in the office. The President gulps some coffee and stalks back across the Campus. A visit from Charles Morrison '08, one of the Regents, means trouble at the Capitol.

There is trouble. A fight is on in the State Legislature. The budget is being pared to the limit and the University will be hard hit. He had better come up prepared to go to the mat with the Finance Committee. Already the President is stuffing notes and documents in his brief case. Miss Davis, you'll have to cancel all my afternoon

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appointments. Mr. Morrison, I'll ride with you and have my car follow.

In the hour and a half drive to the capital, they exchange views. The President tells of his instructors, some of them married and trying to live on $1,600 a year. They reach the capital and are immediately called before the Finance Committee. On the next few minutes, the next half-hour, on the President's bearing, the tone of his voice, his arguments, (and most of all on the digestion of the members of the committee) depends the fate of the University for the next two years, the education of eleven thousand boys and girls, and the salaries and livelihood of some four thousand deans, professors, associate professors, instructors, engineers, superintendents, gardeners, plumbers, electricians, chauffeurs and workmen attached to Mammoth.

It is almost six before the hearing is finished. The strain has told, he is tired. A hasty call on the Governor, a handshake and he is off in his own car, studying by the shaking light above the speech he is to make to the Alumni Association that night at their annual banquet. Alumni! Should pressure be brought on graduates to contribute money to the university? Other colleges did, but was that any reason why. . . .

Seven-fifteen. The car rolls up to a drugstore in Jenkinstown. Henry, his chauffeur, knows his habits. A milkshake and a couple of sandwiches and then off again. Dark, rain, mist makes the going slow. Just as well, for it enables him to change his clothes in the back of the car, so that when they roll up Main Street he is dressed for dinner. Washing his hands and combing his hair in the men's room, he walks into the big banquet hall decorated with flags and the university colors. A voice over the amplifier. Gentlemen . . . the President of the University. . . .

The speech lasts twenty-eight minutes. Too long, he thinks, as he shuts his watch in his pocket. Within half an hour he has left the banquet and is on his way to the office. Passing Beethoven Hall he notices lights. Of course, young Jamison's recital. A student is giving a recital he promised to attend. Twenty minutes and he is back at his desk once more.

Already Miss McGuire, his other secretary, is hard at work. She will stay until two or three in the morning. Write a note to Jamison, he's a senior, tell him I enjoyed his recital and especially the third movement of that last sonata. He reaches for the pile of letters left by Miss Davis, making a check in pencil on each carbon copy. The telephone tinkles. Yes, talking. Oh, good evening Professor. Right away? Tonight? Is it important? All right, come round to the house say . . . in half an hour.

At eleven-fifteen he lets himself into the front door. Mary is talking over the telephone. But my dear, I never see him. I tell him he might as well be a traveling salesman. The children

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haven't any father . . . he sinks into the big chair as she comes back from the telephone. Before they can speak the doorbell rings. She returns with an annoyed look. Professor Fitts, must you see him? The President wearily closes his eyes.

The head of the English Department has a long and familiar story. For two seasons the Mammoth football team has been at the bottom of the Smoky Mountain Conference. This semester pressure has been exerted to have athletes of doubtful standing passed. Now the climax has come. Alumni have tried to force passing marks for players by hinting to instructors that their promotion depends on it.

The professor is indignant and the story has ramifications. The clock sounds midnight as he ends with this question: is Mammoth an institution of learning or a kindergarten? The President smiles. Not the first time he has heard that question today. Today! No, it is tomorrow, now.

The Professor leaves at twelve-thirty but the President's day is not yet over. There is still the Report on the Committee on Military Instruction, the proofs of the University catalogue and the report of the Dean of the Dental School. The bedroom light is on, but Mary is asleep when just before two he tiptoes upstairs. He winds his watch and puts it on the dresser. Slowly he empties his pockets. Matches. Keys. Change. A fountain pen and three pencils. A small notebook. And a folded letter.

. . . of course in your sheltered academic life you can hardly appreciate the continual struggles of the outside world. . . .

—JOHN R. TUNIS

SOMETHING TO WORK FOR

"OF COURSE we'd have to start in a small way, darling."

"I know, Jack, but I wouldn't mind. Honest I wouldn't."

"You're sweet, Mabel."

"We'd manage somehow. Mother says it's much better to marry young, when material things mean less, than to wait and wait for years, maybe."

"She's right. Still, it doesn't seem fair to ask you to make sacrifices—you, a girl who's always had everything."

With a wave of his hand he indicated their present surroundings, which, though hardly luxurious, were comfortable and cheerful.

"Don't worry about that, Jack. In time we'll have our own little nest."

"At first we'll only be able to rent one, darling. Then, if things continue to pick up—"

"Yes?"

"Then, my sweet, I'll get us the finest trailer that money can buy: twice as big as this one!"

"Oh, darling! That's something to work for!" —NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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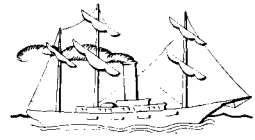
RIDE OF THE VALKYR

A BOATRIDE DECIDED WHETHER WE WOULD FIGHT GREAT BRITAIN AGAIN



AT NINE o'clock the storm was blowing with less than its original hurricane force. A swell like a lion was pounding in under the rush of black evening clouds, but Captain Nicholson ordered steam on all boilers and turned his cruiser's head toward sea. It was bitterly cold; as *Wampanoag* nosed into the Atlantic combers beyond Sandy Hook the flying spray struck, clung and congealed, outlining every rope in a glitter of pearls and forming little icicles in the grim old quartermaster's beard as he faced it, gripping the wheel. There was a scatter of sparks from the funnels; below in the engine room Chief Zeller took off his coat with the remark that it was heating up, then eased the throttle a trifle wider.

"Full Speed Ahead" the telegraph from the bridge demanded, but he did not dare give her that yet; not till he found out whether the new engines would take it, whether the complex system of gears Benjamin Franklin Isherwood had designed would carry the load, whether the cylinder packing would hold. Old Ben was a friend of his, the tactless, incorruptible man; under savage criticism now in Congress and the press. "Official tyrant" they were calling him, "Incapable sorehead"—not concealing the general hope that old Ben's strange engines would go wrong. Two cylinders only, a hundred inches of bore, four feet in stroke, they towered over Engineer Zeller's head, rocking to and fro in a flicker of oil, passing down their power through the gears to a screw that whirled at twice the speed.

John Ericsson, the greatest engineer in the world, had said old Ben's engines would never do—too much friction; Mr. Dickerson, the second best, had said, aloud in Congress, they would blow out—too much steam pressure. If they were right—?

If they were right it would be war.

It was 1869; the diplomats had spoken, done their best or worst; now it was up to us of the Navy. An issue perfectly clear—in violation of neutrality, said America, you English let the Confederate *Alabama* loose to prey on our commerce; she was built in your yards, armed with your guns, manned by your crew; therefore we

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claim damages.—No, not our fault, replied England, no damages and be damned to you; we will not arbitrate the question, we will not discuss it.

What next? Right or wrong the diplomats had gone too far to draw back now—Could we hurt England? Perhaps—we had the monitors. But with her *Lord Warden* and *Bellerophon*, her *Minotaur*, *Agincourt* and *Northumberland*, giant ships carrying giant guns behind armor of proof, England did not fear the monitors. The question was rather—Could we convince England we could hurt her?

Not with anything we had shown. It was to carry that conviction that the Navy Department had held its cruiser competition, with enormous rewards promised to the engineer who could design a ship fast enough to make England worry for the safety of her ocean trade. Designer Delano had formed the hulls on the model of the famous clippers; the rest was up to the engineers. Dickerson's *Idaho* had come first, a gallant ship that looked like the queen of the seas, but her engines pushed her only eight knots through the water. England had fifty cruisers that could laugh at such speed. Ericsson's *Madawaska* came next—thirteen and a half knots at full power, but accompanied by such agonizing vibrations she could not fire her guns while at full power. Any armed liner would knock her out; the English said "We will not arbitrate and be damned to you. What next?"

The ship's bell clanged four times "Orderly!" summoned Captain Nicholson, the words whipping from his lips down the wind. "My compliments to the chief engineer and when will he arrive at full power?"

The man returned in a moment or two with a salute. "The chief says he has her at full power now, sir."

Captain Nicholson turned to conceal an expression of satisfaction unbecoming an officer; save for the steady rock of the seas the cruiser *Wampanoag* was driving into the storm without a sign of vibration. What a gun platform she would make! "You may try a cast of the log."

This was the moment—peace or war? Not too much to say that the issue hung on that cast of the log. If she could do fourteen knots it would give the British pause. Fourteen knots would run down all but their fastest liners and steam away from any cruiser in Her Majesty's Navy. Fourteen knots for the *Wampanoag* would mean fourteen for the other cruisers into which Ben Isherwood was building his queer engines—*Neshaming*, *Antietam*, *Bon Homme Richard* and *Guerrière*. Fourteen would mean consideration from England, fifteen would be peace; not even England would dare go lightly to war with a nation that could put a half-dozen fifteen-knot commerce raiders on the sea within a month; cruisers that could sink anything they could catch and catch everything they chased.

"Heave!" and the line spun out into the black—one—two—three—

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the leadsman glanced around, astonished. "Not yet—now!" Both men looked at the register on the log-line. in amazement. "She is logging sixteen knots, six fathoms, sir."

"What! I don't believe it. Cast again."

He was back in five minutes. "She runs seventeen knots, two, sir."

"Orderly, be good enough to convey the Captain's compliments to Mr. Zeller and inform him that the ship is making seventeen knots."

The thermometer in the engine room registered 96 degrees now in spite of the cold outside; the red light of the furnaces glared on stokers' chests, copper and bronze. Heave—shovel—heave—jerk—clang. Zeller pounded the back of his second exultantly. "Didn't I tell you Ben Isherwood would do it?" He shouted over his shoulder, "Seventeen knots, boys! Give it to her!"

"But seventeen! My God, and this is a storm! What would she do in smooth water?"

"About twenty."

"She's the fastest ship in the world, bar none. Wonder what Johnny Bull will say when he hears about this?"

All night long *Wampanoag* plunged through the wintry seas; every hour the logman cast—17.4—17.4—17—16.6—17—16.2—17.3. With the day the wind rose out of the north on their beam; in the afternoon the figures slowly began to rise; Captain Nicholson was hoping for a record eighteen knots, but toward the second twilight the wind rose to a force 7 gale, *Wampanoag* rolled heavily and her speed dropped to a fraction over sixteen knots—still two knots beyond any liner afloat and a good four beyond any British cruiser. All the second night the pace was held, and the second day, with the cruiser now running far in the Atlantic off the capes of Florida. How were the firemen? Tired, but willing to drive her more if the captain wished, they said. He swung round and headed right into the teeth of the gale; she snored through it at a good thirteen for an hour before Nicholson sent down word to give the men some rest, being satisfied that his ship was the eighth wonder of the world. But on the way in, near the coast of New Jersey he struck smooth water; sent down word to let her out and with the cheering black gang giving it to her again, made twenty-three knots, or more speed than any ship would make for thirty years to come.

Diplomatic Correspondence

To the Honorable the Secretary of State of the United States.

Sir:

I am asked to signify to you that although Her Majesty's government does not recede from its position that it cannot be held responsible in the matter of claims arising out of the operations of the Confederate States Ship *Alabama*, Her Majesty's government is willing to submit the question to the arbitration of the King of Prussia.

—Fletcher Pratt

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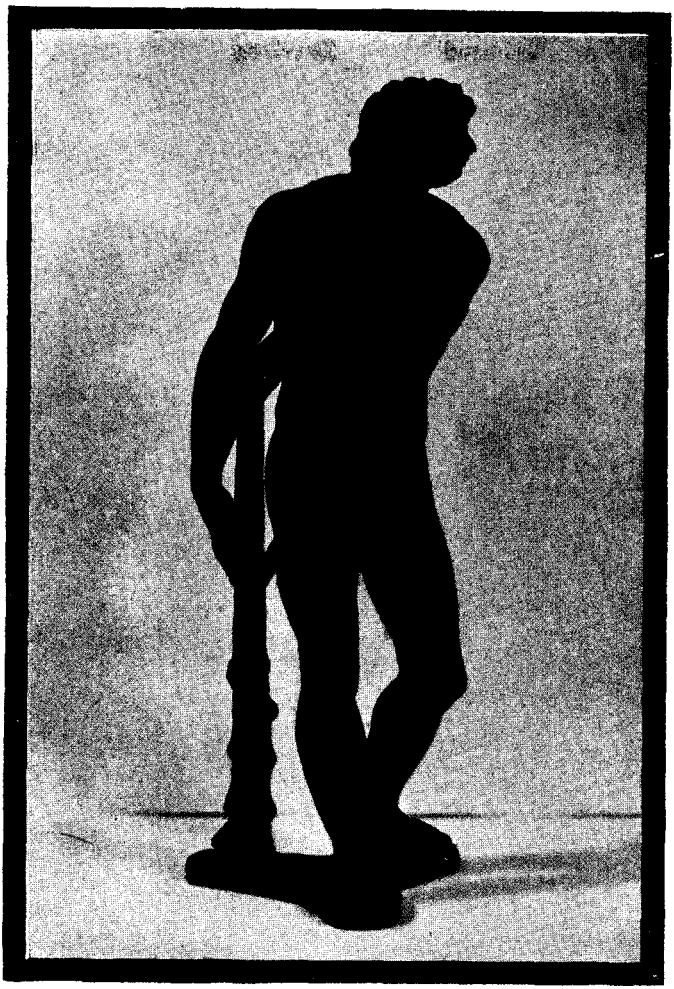

KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

YOUNG HERCULES WITH A CUDGEL

Bronze statuette by Vincenzo Danti (1530-1576), a favored pupil of Michelangelo for whose funeral in Florence in 1564 he modeled a group of heroic figures symbolizing the triumph of genius over stupidity. Danti was a sculptor, goldsmith, painter, architect, and poet.

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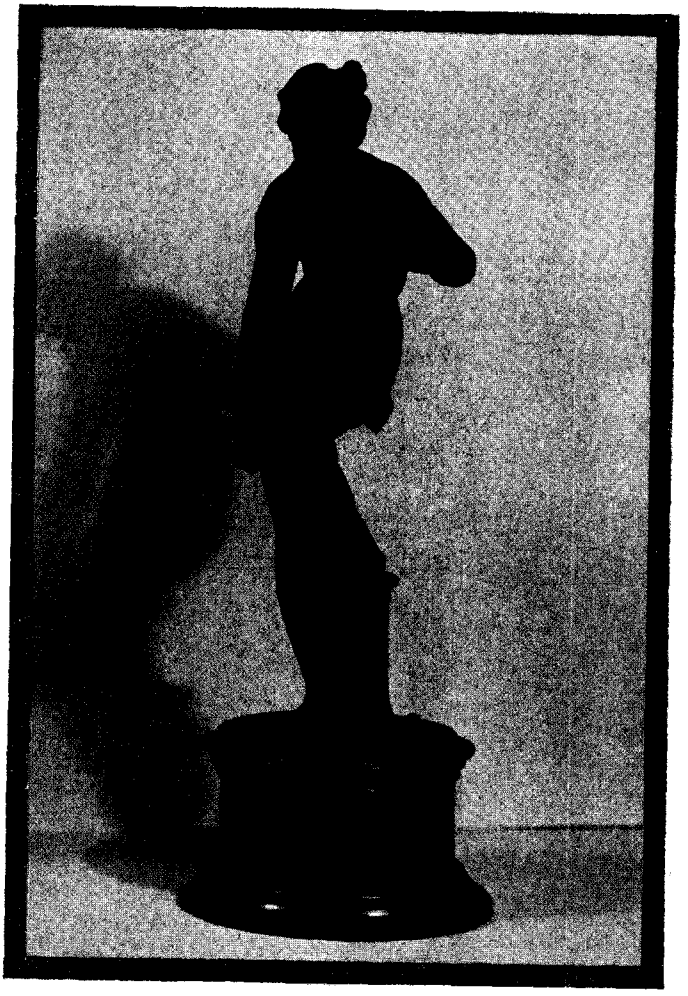

VENUS AT THE BATH

Bronze statuette by Giovanni da Bologna (1524-1608), one of the great figures of a supremely great period in art history, the time of Michelangelo and Benvenuto Cellini. Signed IONNE BOLOGNA BELGA (Belgian). His signature shortened as his reputation grew.

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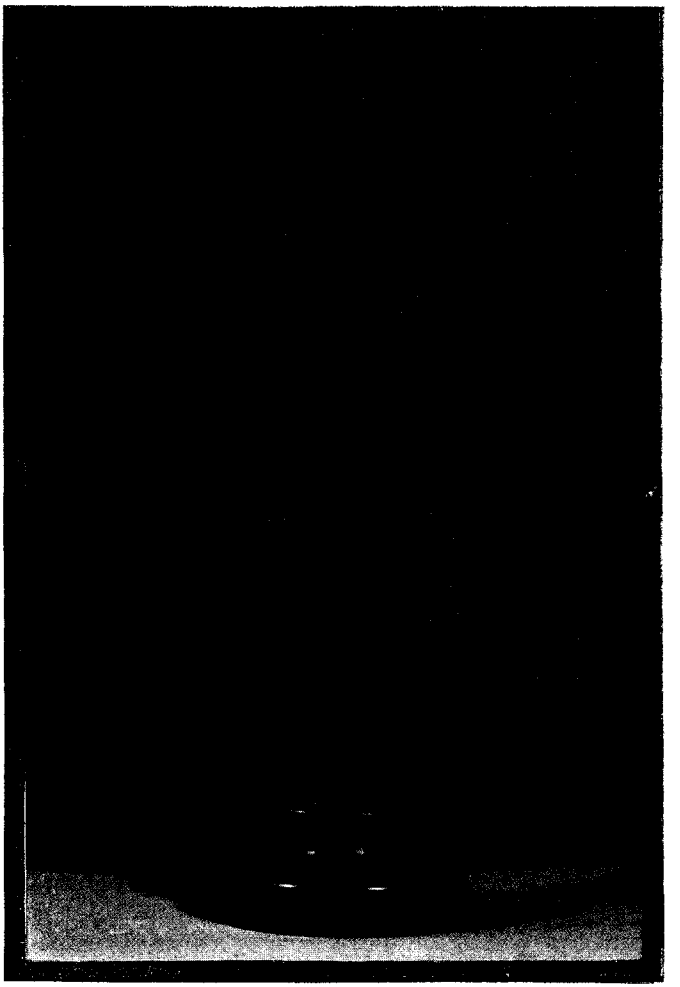

THE SPIRIT OF ASTRONOMY

Bronze-gilt statuette by Giovanni da Bologna who went to work for the Medicis in 1559 at a monthly salary of thirteen dollars—less than the cost of a month's insurance on the least of his works today. Signed GIO. BOLONGE (hence is a later work than the Venus opposite).

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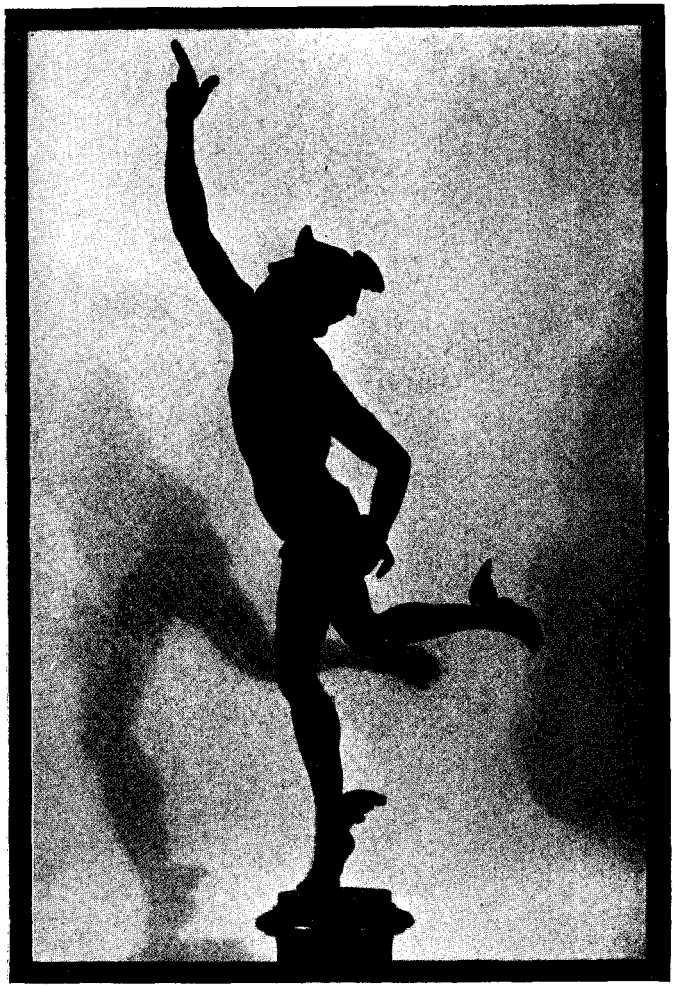

THE FLYING MERCURY

Giovanni da Bologna's most famous work, commissioned by Grand Duke Cosimo dei Medici in 1564 as a present to the Emperor Maximilian II (to influence the Emperor's favor of a royal engagement) and delivered to the Emperor by the artist in person. Initialed I. B.

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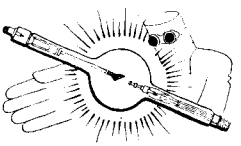
MILKING THE PUBLIC

A GENERAL OF THE CANCER-FIGHTERS ANSWERS THE MARCH ARTICLE ON MILK



IF THE arch gangster cancer could have been given the human form of some biological Boris Karloff or Peter Lorre it would have been uttering a number of unsettling and spine tingling chuckles during the past few years.

Fully aware of its own safety in its hideout among the obscure and intriguing processes which initiate and control what we call "growth" it would have peeked through the blind with keen enjoyment at the various amateur literary detectives, the sleuths of the enthusiastic reading public, who have been tearing about the streets of the thickly populated city of Credulity in police cars or on motorcycles of some pet theory.

It would have seen one group attempting unsuccessfully to pin the crime of cancer origin on aluminum cooking utensils. Here was a trial which involved a distinctly commercial flavor. A quick heating, light and convenient receptacle which had begun to save the aching bunions or insteps of housewives from the good old soul-stirring thud of the falling iron skillet was a menace to the economic rule of the old time wrist-snappers. The scientist, employed little and paid less by the barons of industry, wearily turned from the long trail of the true criminals to test the new theory and to find it groundless.

Hardly had he resumed the long trek when the outcry of "Tomatoes cause cancer" sounded in his ears. It became louder as opposing sides took up the cudgels and belabored one another with grim determination. This had all the makings of a good fight for an element of diet was under fire and nothing breeds illegitimate and deformed theories faster than diet.

Whenever diet is the battle ground, certain unhappy and defenseless people denuded of their actual nature and wrapped only in sheets of filmy statistics are dragged behind the chariot of the wild-eyed propagandist, fadist or literary warrior. Among the unfortunate ones are American Indians, Eskimos, African pygmies, Japanese (women preferred) and Chinese of both sexes. For variation one of these hardened Caesars of a conquered scientific sense may drag in some Malays, Turks, Egyptians or residents

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of the Fiji or Cape Verde Islands.

All of this makes a grand show and may go far, because the average reader would no more care to interfere with a good old-fashioned statistical "triumph" than would an innocent bystander have dared to pull Pompey out of his private car in the ancient days of Rome.

The "chariot driver" enjoys the cheers of the populace and if he disappears occasionally in the dust clouds engendered by the pounding hoofs of the currency-shod horses that drag him, or by the wheels of a closed system of faulty reasoning on which his vehicle rests, he is able to swab off his armor hastily with a few nebulous garments of clever writing in time to shine forth resplendent before the crowd goes home.

Sometimes his face is the serious face of a warrior, set for the fray. The kind of bearded snarl assumed by "Man Mountain Ham"* for a poster advertising his wrestling wares. On the other occasions the hero may have a cynical or even debonair smile as he acknowledges the plaudits of the crowd.

Of the grim type was an attack on electric refrigeration, the idea apparently being to put the cancer problem on ice once and for all. It was pointed out that, as the curve of increase in the use of electric refrigeration rose higher and higher and the need of cleansing the antique drain pipe of its semi-gelatinous and somewhat appalling load of grey-green gunk decreased, the cancer incidence curve had also, according to the allegation, mounted skyward.

With a charming naïveté which proved the fact that cause and effect relationships, in order to survive, need more substantial ancestry than parallel statistical curves, the theory that electric refrigeration caused cancer gave a few wheezing gasps and mercifully died. Few even paused or turned from the joys of clean, sanitary, modern electric iceboxes to watch its funeral cortège.

To the ordinary reader as well as to the scientist, the breezy and staccato machine-gun type of attack such as that recently aimed at milk by Walter Clare Martin in this magazine is much more congenial. The cheery way in which he plunges a muscular literary thumb through the paper stopper of the generic milk bottle and squirts the contents all over his own mind and those of his readers, forces from them a hearty laugh even while, refusing to be cowed, they grope for the roller towel.

Thus when on the first page one encounters our old friend the American Indian "of pioneer times" as one "entirely free from cancer" there is a temptation to be serious and to point out that nothing really accurate is known of mortality rates or causes of death among American Indians of pioneer days. There were practically

There may be a real "Man Mountain Ham" but if so, this does not refer to him. I'm a poor wrestler.

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no operations, in fact it would probably be a fact to state that more Indians did surgical work on whites than *vice versa*. With milk entirely out of the picture, one may generalize and say the fewer autopsies, the lower the death rate from cancer APPEARS TO BE.

Now it may be that Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill and their pals made exploratory operations on their red brothers but if they did I suspect they had neither time nor desire to hunt for cancer—nor for appendicitis or gallstones either, and I am sure that statistical data would prove that Indians were also "free" of these diseases. Scalp trouble might have been expected but cancer—no.

They were also free from part payment contracts on automobiles, eye strain from moving pictures and ear strain from radio crooners. Some people claim that there is a tandem formation with nervous upset No. 1, stomach ulcers No. 2, and maybe cancer No. 3, in order. If they are right perhaps we had better blame one of the foregoing rather than milk for what has happened.

After a whack at our friend the Indian comes a versatile shift to cheese in Wisconsin. Here is a new one full of possibilities. It doesn't seem quite fair to blame milk for the properties of the cheese it may become any more than one can hold the one-year-old baby that he once was, responsible for the end product of a Dillinger, or a Capone. It's a long, long way from mother's milk to camembert, believe it or not. It's only a cruel man who perhaps has sniffed the delicate aroma of one of these modern baby foods with a corn syrup base that would ever try to claim a twinship between fresh milk and limburger.

The scene then shifts to the sunny southland where we visit the "unwashed cabin land," "freest of all from cancer curse"—free also to a large degree from accurate statistical data on the cause of death and still largely slave to the potions and incantations of the modern African medicine man. Again few autopsies, little cancer, low circulation of the *Atlantic Monthly*, little milk and *no* value whatever from a statistical point of view.

After a momentary journey to Switzerland and Scotland, both highly civilized countries with reliable autopsy data (and incidentally a balanced diet including milk) we visit the "old birds in the Balkans" whose "long and bearded years are attributed to—sour milk." Do they have cancer? Aha! They do. But where? Oh, on the skin. Does that make a difference? It does. In the first place it is easy to see—even without autopsy data or refined diagnosis. In the second place dirt and chronic irritation are known to be contributing causes to skin cancer. The late Dr. Joseph Bloodgood made the front page by a statement that "beautiful" women whose skin is expensively and extensively farmed and cultivated by "beauty" experts rarely if ever have skin cancer. Yet such a lady, I am sure, is more likely to submerge

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her skin in milk than one of those cute old "bearded birds" of the Balkans. Yes indeed, I feel sure that the skin that dwells beneath and about those same beards is *not* the one that you would love to touch. Dirt it undoubtedly has, and as for chronic irritation —I'm sure any of us would feel it if we were in its place.

It next appears that "Congo pygmies and savages of the Amazon wild are thought to have the best record of all" but "are too ticklish to allow much reporting." It may be a debatable point, but on the basis of size alone I'd take a chance on "reporting" and diagnosing internal cancer (or skin cancer either) in a Congo pygmy before I'd take on an adult male Sioux in the good old pioneer days. The main point is that we don't know anything about cancer incidence in either of them.

"In the next tent" we have the Japanese women trotted in to be contrasted with their British sisters. Here, however, the milk theory goes very sour. Japanese women use their breast as a milk producing and milk giving organ *more* than the English women, yet the latter are said to have many times more cancer of the breast instead of *less*. Virgin, unmarried, divorced and widowed women should have *less* secretion of milk than married ones, yet data from the United States show that they have *more* cancer of the breast. Here are facts based on comparative statistics gathered in modern times, as free as possible from variation in the mores and in the degree of advancement found in different countries and eras. These facts show a *negative* rather than a *positive* relationship between milk and breast cancer.

And speaking of breast cancer, the statement that the breasts "are more susceptible to the advance of cancer than any other part of the body" is not borne out by fact. The ordinary number of breasts in women is two (it may be as high as ten). There is only one uterus or womb, yet among the white races today the latter organ overcomes this 2:1 handicap and finishes *ahead* of breast about 4:3. Further than this the good old stomach in man which, though it may cause multiple gripes and sorrows, is single in number, almost equals both breast and uterus combined. Does someone whisper "milk" in relation to the adult male American stomach? If he does—how many empty containers of rye or beer rise up to mock him?

And speaking of beer. Recently there has come out a book on Diet and Cancer which in bulk would make Hervey Allen or Margaret Mitchell a bit jealous. It has a lot of interesting and some amusing bits. One of the statements backed—as always—by the ever ready and obsequious statistics —is that daily beer drinkers have more cancer than daily milk drinkers. It's a safe bet that they also have more halitosis (no statistics needed).

But how about this question of diet and cancer? It has been trotted out for years. It has a popular appeal

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especially at a time when vitamins, hormones, calories *et al.* are on an unrestricted binge.

There has been a whole grist of experiments designed to show that some relationship, if any, exists. All of them have failed to show a single fundamental practical bearing of any one element of diet in cancer incidence.

And why not—for we know that frogs living on an insect diet may have cancer; and trout in the cold running brooks may have it; and fruit flies on a pure and pristine diet of the days of Adam and Eve may have it.

Now it may be that it's the remote relationship between the "bull" in bullfrog and the thought of milk that causes the trouble, but I'm frankly skeptical.

It may be that the trout leaping from the surface of some pasture brook are impressionable and are terrified into "milk" cancer by coming up too near a cow on the bank—but still I doubt it.

It may be that the fruit flies—which, by Jove, are often raised in carefully sterilized and new milk bottles, have been affected by the purpose for which these bottles were intended; or that the whole flock of cancers observed in the grain-fed domestic fowl may be caused by the modern tendencies to advertise milk-fed Philadelphia capon —in high places.

These things may be, but if they are, I also expect that the enormous proliferation of stars occurring in a portion of the heavens known as the Milky Way, is due to the name to which that region is called.

But turning to some of the more recent experimental work in biology with something of the same reply to the diet theorists as that quoted in *Punch*—when during the World War the patriotic old lady chided the cow-milking yokel with "Why aren't you at the front, young man?" and received in return, "Because the milk isn't at that end." Breast cancer is the commonest type occurring naturally in laboratory mice.

The first thing that is clear is that it is confined to females. In mice by the way, the common number of breasts is ten. Normal male mice fail to show any progressive growth of breast tissue after they are five days old. They are at that time still pinkish, hairless, helpless and blind. In the females the breast or mammary glands go on growing. They have to make a rush job of it for they must be ready to use as a source of milk by the time the animal is 60 to 80 days old.

Mice will eat almost any food, but for the sake of uniformity and to make this factor as nearly constant as possible, a standard diet is used. In the Jackson Laboratory this diet is Purina Fox Chow—a prepared hard food in briquettes—and plain water. If there is any milk or milk powder in this food it is a decidedly minor element. Let us see what happens.

Here, for example, is strain "d" in which the incidence of breast cancer among breeding females is from 80 to 85 per cent. Four or better out of every five. That is a very high incidence.

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Right in the next room on exactly the same diet is strain "C57" where the incidence of breast cancer is less than one per cent. How about diet now? It just doesn't rate as a number one factor of importance.

Across the hall is strain "A" where the breeding females run from 80 to 85 per cent cancer of the breast and the virgin females and males, at a later age, develop 75 per cent or more lung cancer.

Strain "d" and "C57" didn't have any lung cancer. But strain "A" doesn't smoke any more cigarettes than the others, doesn't have any different diet nor does it live in an atmosphere of the exhaust from automobiles. The point is that these strains have characteristic inherited tendencies to form or not to form cancer of different types.

Now let us go back to strain "d" and see what has happened. Mr. Martin in his article suggested, "A study of eunuchs might let in new light." The sources of human material for this purpose are inconveniently located—to put it mildly—and all things considered, it seems better to approach the problem via eunuch mice. Perhaps that is just New England conservatism, but it stands just the same.

Eunuch mice are fat, genial and lazy. Over two hundred and fifty of them ate and slept their way peacefully through a long (two year or more) life time. They were then equal in age to a man of about seventy. So were their normal unoperated brothers. But whereas scarred sides or slit ears might bear witness to the pugnacity of the latter, the castrated ones were gentle and uninterested in "self assertion." Not even the singing lady mouse of Illinois, recently reported in the press—had she come with the pomp and allure of Sheba—could have aroused their interest.

They didn't have any more breast cancer, however, than their normal brothers—which had zero.

But their sisters kept on having it—not rarely—but commonly. The next step was to try to "feminize" a series of castrated males. To do this, one ovary—or female sex gland—was taken from a sister animal and transplanted under the skin of a castrated brother. Over two hundred were treated in this way by Dr. William Murray, then (1927) with me at the University of Michigan, now at Buffalo. Forty-odd animals grew the transplanted ovaries which thereupon secreted into the blood of the castrated male, female sex hormones. The breast tissue of such animals increased and became approximately as extensive as that of virgin female animals. In due time there appeared in the majority of such feminized males typical cancer of the breast.

The same experiment in the low cancer strain "C57" did not produce breast cancer.

The presence of a certain amount of breast tissue—usually stimulated by the ovary—was, therefore, a neces-

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sary part of the problem. Four or five years after Murray's work, Lacassagne in Paris obtained similar results by using a single ovarian hormone—"theelin" instead of the whole ovary.

An entirely new line of attack was opened by Murray's work and many investigators are hard at it to make progress in this direction.

Then there is another new and suggestive development. Since we have strains of mice that differ greatly from one another in the amount of cancer which they naturally form, we have a chance to make crosses between a "high" cancer strain and a "low" cancer strain to see whether and how the tendency to form breast cancer is handed on from one generation to another.

We can pick the female parent from the "high" strain and the male from the "low" or we can do just the opposite.

When we pick the female parent from the "high" strain there is seven or eight times as much cancer of the breast among her descendants as there is when the "high" cancer tendency comes in through the male.

This is a lead that has started a whole broad attack along a new front. That is the way with cancer research. It is trench warfare with lots of problems needing solution—lying right out clearly visible—good worth-while objectives and no funds to train and hire the personnel to try to reach them.

Meanwhile by public ballyhoo we raise about a million dollars a year to fight a disease, polyomyelitis, that kills less than a fifteenth as many as cancer does.

Raids on aluminum, tomatoes, electric refrigeration and milk are just those parts of the war that resemble "leave" in Paris. They don't lick the enemy. They don't even locate him. They are diversion, not progress. There is no more use hitting at these things because they are the basis for great industries than there is hitting at steel, coal, textiles and the rest. If there are factors that we don't like in any big industry—all right—let's try to change them, but let's not try to make them responsible for a thing like cancer which may occur wherever life or growth is found and which will never be conquered by even a tropical downpour of statistical rain drops. The umbrella of critical hard-boiled reasoning concerning cause and effect relationships is needed to keep the brain of the scientist and intelligent layman from getting "wet" with propaganda and to prevent the lenses of the research spectacles on the nose of investigation from getting "foggy."

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Although I have not used a serious form in which to state all of my views I hope that the reader will understand my motive. If he will remember that the accuracy and extent of statistical information is very variable, that no element of diet has been convicted of a guilty relationship with cancer and that research in various laboratories needs support, he may (and probably will) forget the rest.*

—CLARENCE COOK LITTLE

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CAN SURVIVAL BE PROVED?

EXAMINING THE TYPES OF EVIDENCE OFFERED TO PROVE THE AFTER-LIFE

THE problem of human survival can be approached from various standpoints. What I wish to do here is to examine it without any theological background, simply as a straightforward factual inquiry.

It is often argued that a fact is a fact only in virtue of the evidence put forward in favor of it; in other words, no evidence, no fact. Yet there are many scientific facts which are established as such by inference only. Sometimes a fact is established by inference plus a slight amount of evidence. An example of this is the North Pole. We know that there is a spot on the earth's surface corresponding to the idea "North Pole"; and in addition a very small number of men have actually seen this spot.

We have been told, on the highest authority, that man survives; the question remains whether there is any direct evidence; whether anyone in modern times has come back to tell the tale. Several hundred thousand people in the world today, including many of sanity and outstanding ability, would answer this question with an unhesitating "yes."

They offer various types of evidence.

First we have the so-called materializations. We have the famous case of Sir William Crookes and the medium Florence Cook, at whose sittings a fully formed spirit named Katie King was alleged to appear, move, speak, breathe, and even to allow pieces to be cut from its clothes and hair. Of one such occasion the eminent scientist wrote: "Katie now said she thought she would be able this time to show herself and Miss Cook together. I was to turn the gas out and then come with my phosphorus lamp into the room now used as a cabinet. . . . I went cautiously into the room, it being dark, and felt about for Miss Cook. I found her crouching on the floor. Kneeling down, I let air into the lamp, and by its light I saw the young lady dressed in black velvet as she had been in the early part of the evening, and to all appearances perfectly senseless; she did not move when I took her hand and held the light quite close to her face, but continued quietly breathing. Raising the lamp, I looked around and saw Katie standing close behind Miss Cook. She was robed in flowing

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white drapery as we had seen her previously during the seance. Holding one of Miss Cook's hands in mine, and still kneeling, I passed the lamp up and down so as to illuminate Katie's whole figure and satisfy myself thoroughly that I was really looking at the veritable Katie whom I had clasped in my arms a few minutes before. She did not speak but moved her head and smiled in recognition. Three separate times did I carefully examine Miss Cook crouching before me, to be assured that the hand I held was that of the living woman, and three separate times did I turn the lamp to Katie and examine her with steadfast scrutiny until I had no doubt whatever of her objective reality."

It would be foolish to ignore such an account coming from such a source. But it would be equally foolish to accept it simply because of the scientific authority of Sir William Crookes. Quite a number of eminent men of science, from Newton and Faraday down, have believed very curious things outside their laboratories. It is necessary to remember that Crookes had always failed to obtain equally convincing results in his own home. The sitting just described took place in the medium's house, and it is impossible to be sure that an accomplice may not have been introduced. There is another consideration, moreover, which invalidates this phenomenon as evidence for survival. A great proportion of the believers in ectoplasm hold it to be merely an as yet not understood biological process connected with the medium's own body.

A large group of alleged phenomena, spirit photography, spirit finger prints, and so on, I have no hesitation in dismissing out of hand, notwithstanding the advocacy of that wrong-headed man of genius, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. These phenomena are undoubtedly wholly fraudulent. The spectacle has been seen more than once of bereaved people persisting in their belief that their departed friends have manifested themselves in spirit form on photographic plates, even after the "medium" has confessed and has produced in court the implements of his trade.

One of the most powerful classes of evidence in favor of survival is formed by the poltergeist and the ghost. The poltergeist is the *enfant terrible* of the spirit world. Where he manifests, the furniture tumbles, glass and crockery smash, the contents of the pantry are flung about. These things almost invariably occur in connection with young people, usually at the age of puberty, and are almost certainly consciously or unconsciously produced in the hysteria which often accompanies that critical period in life. Real evidence to connect the poltergeist with surviving spirits is wholly wanting.

When we turn to the ghost matters are very different. It is here, if anywhere, that we are confronted with evidence for survival of a really impressive kind. Consider, for instance, such a case of a haunted house as the

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following, recorded by an exceptionally intelligent woman of medical training, and fully corroborated by independent witnesses. The house in question was built in 1860, thus being free from the "atmosphere" which is so powerful an influence in old houses. The first occupant lived in it for sixteen years, during which time he lost his wife; after this he took to drink, but later married again. His second wife also took to drink, this resulting in violent quarrels. The husband and wife died soon after each other, and the house then remained empty for about four years; during this time a gardener is said to have seen the "figure" of a tall lady dressed in black. Then the house was leased by Captain Morton, whose daughter, Miss R. C. Morton, wrote the account from which I will now quote. On one occasion Miss Morton heard someone at the door of her room. "On opening the door, I saw no one; but on going a few steps along the passage, I saw the figure of a tall lady, dressed in black, standing at the head of the stairs. After a few moments she descended the stairs, and I followed for a short distance. I had only a small piece of candle and it suddenly burned itself out; and being unable to see more, I went back to my room. The figure was that of a tall lady, dressed in black of a soft woolen material, judging from the slight sound in moving. The face was hidden in a handkerchief held in the right hand. On further occasions, when I was able to observe her more closely, I saw the upper part of the left side of her forehead, and a little of the hair above. A portion of widow's cuffs was visible on both wrists, so that the whole impression was that of a lady in widow's weeds."

During the following years Miss Morton continued to see the apparition. She was careful not to spread news of it, but the figure was nevertheless seen by Miss Morton's three sisters who lived in the house, and also by a married sister, their mother, a number of servants, indoor and outdoor, and by a neighbor and several visitors. Miss Morton never succeeded in touching or photographing the ghost. She finally came to the conclusion that the lady in black was immaterial.

Her first reason was this: "I have several times fastened fine strings across the stairs at various heights before going to bed, but after all the others have gone up to their rooms. I made small pellets of marine glue, into which I inserted the ends of the cord, then stuck one pellet lightly against the wall and the other to the bannister, the string being thus stretched across the stairs. They were knocked down by a very light touch, and yet would not be felt by anyone passing up or down the stairs. . . . I have twice at least seen the figure pass through the cords leaving them intact." Second, "The sudden and complete disappearance of the figure, while still in full view." Third, "I

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have repeatedly followed it into a corner when it disappeared, and have tried suddenly to pounce upon it, but have never succeeded in touching it, the figure eluding my touch." Miss Morton's final point is of special interest, in view of the general opinion that animals are specially sensitive to such visitations. "A retriever who slept in the kitchen was on several occasions found by the cook in a state of terror when she went into the kitchen in the morning—being a large dog, he was not allowed upstairs; he was also seen more than once coming from the orchard badly cowed and terrified. . . . A small Skye terrier that usually slept on my bed undoubtedly heard the footsteps outside the door. The dog was then suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and very disinclined to move, but on hearing the footsteps it sprang up and sniffed at the door. Twice I remember seeing this dog suddenly run on to the mat at the foot of the stairs in the hall, wagging its tail and moving its back in the way dogs do when expecting to be caressed. It jumped up, falling as it would do if a person had been standing there, but suddenly slunk away with its tail between its legs, and retreated, trembling, under the sofa."

The Morton family and with them all believers in survival would say that the second wife, owing to the unhappy associations of the place, was "earth-bound" to it, and thus haunted it in spirit form. If we do not accept the theory of haunting we must suppose that Miss Morton suffered from a series of hallucinations and that these were telepathically transmitted to the other persons who saw the apparition.

Trance mediumship is by far the most prolific source of supposed spirit communications. Most people, if they go to a medium and are told things already known to them (as, "You have an aunt named Ermyntrude") will be quite content to put this down to telepathy between sitter and medium. It sometimes happens, however, that mediums give information not known to the sitter, but known to some third person, through whom he can verify it. Many people, including myself, are prepared to ascribe such cases also to telepathy, for there is plenty of evidence on record of telepathy occurring at a distance. Nevertheless, there are certain cases on record in which the link is so remote as to stretch the possibility of telepathy to its utmost limits. Here is such a case.

Sir Oliver Lodge writes that an uncle of his in London, an old man, had a twin brother who died twenty years before the date of writing. "I interested him generally in the subject, and wrote to ask if he would lend me some relic of this brother. . . . I received a curious old gold watch, which this brother had worn and was fond of; and that same morning, no one in the house having seen it or knowing anything about it, I handed it to Mrs. Piper (the distinguished Boston medium) when in a state of

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trance." Almost at once Mrs. Piper stated that the watch had belonged to an uncle of Sir Oliver's and was now owned by his Uncle Robert. Eventually Mrs. Piper gave the name Jerry, together with a whole series of incidents from his boyhood, including such a very specific occurrence as "killing a cat in Smith's field," together with more normal incidents such as swimming and being nearly drowned, and owning a rifle, together with some references to a snake-skin. Sir Oliver Lodge goes on, "All these facts have been more or less completely verified. But the interesting thing is that Uncle Robert, from whom I got the watch, and with whom I was thus in a sort of communication, could not remember them all. He recollected something about swimming the creek, though he himself had merely looked on. He had a distinct recollection of having had the snake-skin, and of the box in which it was kept. But he altogether denied killing the cat, and could not recall Smith's field. His memory, however, is decidedly failing him, and he was good enough to write to another brother, Frank, living in Cornwall, an old sea captain, and asked if he had any better remembrance of certain facts—of course not giving any inexplicable reasons for asking. The result of this inquiry was triumphantly to vindicate the existence of Smith's field as a place near their home, where they used to play, in Barking, Essex; and the killing of the cat by another brother was also recollected; while of the swimming of the creek near a millrace, full details were given, Frank and Jerry being the heroes of that foolhardy episode."

It is true that in such cases as this the connection between the medium and the source of the information is so remote as to make the telepathic explanation seem improbable. We know that telepathy is a fact, but I repeat that we do not know how it works. Consequently we must not put any arbitrary limits to its operation. The same argument of course applies to clairvoyance. This being so, we are inevitably driven to the conclusion that it is at present impossible to prove survival by means of evidence drawn from this type of trance mediumship. A statement made by a supposed spirit through a medium can be verified only from some source on earth, a human witness, a document, or the like. How then can we be *sure* that the medium has not, consciously or unconsciously, telepathically or clairvoyantly, tapped the same source? The attempt has been made to obtain identical or complementary communications through two or more mediums; but it would be idle to pretend that these attempts have been altogether satisfactory.

And so this greatest of all human questions still remains unanswered. There seems no reason why satisfactory evidence of human survival should not one day be found; but that day is not yet.

THEODORE BESTERMAN

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MAN ABOVE NAPOLEON

EVEN THE LITTLE CORPORAL HAD A CAPTAIN'S BRAINS BEHIND HIM

Is a Napoleon possible in the complex warfare of the Twentieth Century? The question was often asked during the World War, which produced not a Napoleon but a set of mediocre generals drugged by Napoleonism. The answer is doubtless the same as it was in 1914 or the Corsican's own day—yes, provided that a tremendous social upheaval such as the French Revolution is advertising for a Napoleon!

Many biographers and historians present a portrait without a background—a Napoleon who becomes the parent rather than the child of his thundering age. In the foreground of this stock portrait is an ardent young genius who made the army of Italy invincible overnight. And from whom did young Bonaparte learn war? His own answer has generally been accepted. He learned war, so he intimated, by diligently studying such old masters as Caesar, Turenne and Frederick.

He did not add that he followed very few of their precepts. Nor did he emphasize the fact that France had already built up an army invincible enough to have defeated all Europe two years before he fought his first battle!

Yet it was to the organizer of this army, more than any other one man, that Napoleon owed his rise to fame —to Lazare Carnot, a quiet captain of engineers, who might well be called History's Unknown Soldier. Nothing could be more far-fetched than to claim that Carnot created Napoleon; but it may likewise be doubted if a Napoleon would have been possible without a Carnot. Actually both of them were tossed up by the greatest emotional earthquake since the Renaissance.

When young Bonaparte was an obscure artillery captain walking the streets of Paris, his adopted country was facing the military crisis of the Revolution. The kings of Europe had not grieved overmuch when Louis XVI lost his head, but they were alarmed about their own heads and prerogatives. So alarmed that England, Holland, Austria, Prussia, Spain and Sardinia had formed an armed coalition to restore the divine right of Bourbonism to learn nothing and for-

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get nothing. France, torn apart by civil war, was being invaded from the Netherlands, the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean.

In all his career Napoleon was never called upon to solve a problem as desperate as the one assigned to Captain Lazare Carnot when he became virtually France's minister of war. If he managed to save the new republic, he might as a left-handed reward be allowed to retain his head. If he failed—but defeated Revolutionary commanders did not survive to justify their blunders in the customary two volumes of memoirs.

Carnot had never led so much as a regiment in battle, and his small reputation was based upon erudite mathematical treatises. A Burgundian by birth, the son of a provincial lawyer, Carnot was educated as an officer at the king's expense and sank for fifteen years into regular army routine before becoming a Revolutionist in 1789. In contrast to the sallow, lanky-haired Bonaparte, he was what Anglo-Saxons are fond of calling the Anglo-Saxon type—tall, straight, fair, blue-eyed, with a craggy jaw as his distinguishing feature.

Underneath a grave, reserved exterior were traits as inconsistent as those possessed by the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. For Lazare Carnot also dealt equally in cube roots and gay nonsense. While his right hand turned out a formidable work like *Reflections on the Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus*, his left was scribbling such light verse in praise of drinkers and lovers as,

A la meilleure tête,
Préferons un bon coeur:
Qu'est-il de plus honnete
Que l'âme d'un buveur?
Jamais la noire envie
N'y versa ses poisons;
Mensonge et perfidie
Sont fruit de la raison!

Neither of these gifts, of course, availed him in the emergency of August, 1793. But almost overnight —within six days, to be literal—he tapped sources of executive energy which had never found an outlet before. The result was the famous *levée en masse*—the first trumpet call of the warfare of today. Since gunpowder and the printing press, in fact, war has known no more terrible innovation than conscription: man himself used as the cheapest, the most deadly and effective weapon of all!

The ancients fought each other with unstinted man-power because their arms—spears, swords, arrows—were inexpensive and readily replaced. With the introduction of gunpowder the small regular army gradually evolved because muskets and cannon were too dear for large-scale equipment. Carnot recognized that improved manufacturing facilities at last enabled France to arm her entire population against the limited professional forces of the enemy. The "nation-in-arms" had come into being, half-hero and half-monster, as the direct ancestor of today's method of warfare.

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The *levée en masse* turned all France into an armed camp. Men from 18 to 25 were called to the colors, while women, children and older men were assigned their duties for the national defense. Directing this gigantic machinery—without a historical precedent for guidance—was Captain Lazare Carnot. He worked twenty furious hours each day, sprawled out at full length among the maps on the floor.

In the preceding Seven Years' War, then the greatest of modern times, all Europe had raised about half a million soldiers. Within four months Carnot had 770,932 Frenchmen in arms, advancing toward the frontiers to repel 400,000 invading enemies.

But the enemies were well-led regulars, the Frenchmen the rawest recruits who ever sniffed gunpowder for the first time. Moreover, Carnot had the problem of finding officers for his armed civilians, which soon gave rise to the unique spectacle of a captain promoting sergeants to the rank of general! Among the obscure young men who soon won recognition from him were Sergeant Hoche, Sergeant Masséna, Lieutenant Ney—and Captain Bonaparte.

In the very first clashes between Carnot's recruits and the Allied trained troops may be found the beginnings of "Napoleonic warfare." France was too poor to feed her armies and they were forced to forage like locusts. Naturally they spread out in a loose, supple, fan-like formation in contrast to the enemy's rigid combinations. And being untrained as well as hungry, they marched at a much faster pace than foes disciplined by Frederick's stilted drills. Unwittingly prodded by necessity, the Revolutionists had stumbled into a mobility which was soon to become Napoleon's greatest asset.

Against an enemy stultified by tradition, they swarmed into action with the clumsy zeal of an armed mob. The bravest came to grips while the less resolute hung back to throw in their overwhelming weight if the Allies once wavered. Having no tradition or tactics to uphold, the Revolutionists did not hesitate at any offensive methods short of lynching; nor were they backward about taking cover or running to fight another day.

So unorthodox were they in military affairs that the most recent scientific discoveries were adopted. A signaling telegraph was set up, with lanterns attached to the semaphores at night, which was capable of sending brief messages at the rate of a mile a minute. And though the first balloon ascension had been made only ten years before, Carnot ordered one of his generals in the air to reconnoiter and win the Battle of Fleurus.

Within six months he was directing fourteen armies from Paris in all their important operations. Only once did he command in the field, but at Wattignes he characteristically wore civilian clothes and shouldered a musket while winning one of the most

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decisive of the Revolutionary battles.

Within seventeen months his gigantic task was accomplished. The six Allied powers were defeated, hurled back and invaded on four fronts. Carnot was proclaimed France's "Organizer of Victory" in honor of results thus summarized:

"Twenty-seven victories, eight of which were pitched battles; 120 combats of minor importance; 80,000 enemies killed; 91,000 prisoners; 116 fortresses or strong towns taken, thirty-six of which had to be besieged or blockaded; 230 forts or redoubts; 3,800 cannon of various sizes; 70,000 muskets; 1900 tons of gunpowder; ninety flags."

Here is the first glimpse of the diamond-in-the-rough which Napoleon polished until it dazzled history!

Carnot's task was not merely done —it was overdone. France had acquired a taste for conquest which only an incipient Napoleon could satisfy, and two years later young General Bonaparte found his opportunity.

It would be an injustice to call Carnot "the French Washington"—an injustice to both great men—but they compare favorably in selfless patriotism and integrity. Thus it was inevitable that Carnot would soon oppose Bonaparte as fearlessly as he had opposed the fat Bourbon king. He did not relish tyranny in either form; and he denounced conquest on the prophetic grounds that "France would become enfeebled by perpetual warfare as a result of aggrandizement of this nature."

In 1799 he was forced to flee for his life. Bonaparte did not lift a hand to save the man who had rescued him from prison five years before; but he did accept the place in the Institute made vacant by Carnot.

True, Carnot came out of retirement three times to serve for brief periods under Napoleon—because he felt that France was in peril, and not with any acceptance of Napoleonism. Until his death in 1823 he remained an exile and an uncompromising opponent either of conquest or dictatorship.

All told, perhaps as many as a dozen books have been written about him, in contrast to the thousands about Napoleon. Yet a close study of Austerlitz, Jena and Friedland reveals much the same basic tactics, as well as the same troops, which had saved France on the fields of Fleurus and Wattignes. Indeed it is a tribute to the Emperor's military genius that he made very few changes in the organization which had already defeated Europe under the patriotic captain of engineers.

There was, however, one conspicuous exception. At heart Napoleon had no more use for innovation than most of his rival generals, and he rejected Carnot's observation balloons just as he later turned down Fulton's crude submarine.

In the end it proved unfortunate. Balloons might have saved him several grave tactical errors at Waterloo.

—Lynn Montross

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THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO — FRANCISCO GOYA

"THE DISASTERS OF WAR"

Just before the Spanish War of Independence, Goya's cynicism had become almost perfect. Until then, there was just about one thing he believed in passionately and that was the autonomy of art. Politically, he was completely opportunist, not caring what government Spain had so long as it subsidized him. As painter to the Court and head of the Academy of San Fernando, he accepted money and patronage with equal lack of conscience both from the Bourbons and from Joseph Bonaparte. And even while taking their money, he had no more admiration for the aristocracy than he had for humanity in general. His portraits of the royalty are pamphlets against them. Of Charles Third, he made a doddering old simpleton with a gun, a dog and a grin; of Charles Fourth, a placid sort of pork butcher who would rather hunt than govern. In the great portrait of

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the Royal Family, Fernando, the Crown Prince, elbows his priggish and shallow way forward to dominate the group. Queen Maria's sodden features cannot conceal her sordid preoccupations, her open affair with the Prime Minister Godoy, which advanced this incompetent and nearly wrecked Spain. And even though Goya had displayed humanitarian tendencies in his etchings called *The Prisoners*, where he had argued against the ferocity of the Inquisition, he abandoned these positive ideals in the *Caprichos*. In these engravings he spares no one, not the church, nor the *majos*, nor the common man. In them, he seems absolutely to have no more hope in humanity. On these plates he projects the deformity of souls by making the bodies monstrous. Man becomes bat-winged and infernal. The incurably abject masses bear on their backs a world of donkeys, or else prostrate themselves before them to kiss their hoofs. Women take lessons in morality from the great he-goat. Art is represented by an ape painting an ass. Of the Duchess of Alba, his mistress, he made a sketch with two faces. He

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De qué sirve una taza?

caricatured the low amorousness, the posed "fatality" of the *majos;* the triviality, the eternal consciousness of their bodies, of the *majos*. Deaf and bitter, Goya had turned inward like so many of the later Romantics, and had found nothing but a horrid mysterious world like dreams of Poe or Baudelaire, "*Cauchemars pleins de choses inconnues*," where people "caressed and devoured each other" as in his horrendous canvas of *Saturn Consuming His Children*. He lived two lives: one the suave, intriguing, contemptuous painter to the court; the other, the misanthrope, who retired alone to his villa, *la Quinta del Sordo*, to fill its walls with gorgeous nightmares which frightened his housekeeper half to death.

But on the second of May, 1808, when the Spanish rose against the French, Goya's outlook was altered even if only for the five years of this terrific war's duration. On this day the Spanish people had struck back and, bare-handed, had begun to fight off the Emperor Napoleon. Every individual in Spain seemed to have declared war personally on the French; and, practically unarmed, all Spain

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was calmly but desperately proceeding to challenge and engage Napoleon's crack Marshals Soult, Ney, Murat, Kellermann, and the best troops of the Empire.

Napoleon needed Spain's resources, man power, and above all, her navy, for a mighty thrust against England. He had insinuated troops even into Madrid, under the pretense that they had come to join forces with Spain in a war to break the Anglo-Portuguese alliance. He had played Charles IV off against the Crown Prince Fernando, who rightly feared that his mother planned to assure the succession for Godoy. The Fernandists, in a sudden *coup*, backed by the Church, forced Charles to abdicate. Fernando became King amid the wild enthusiasm of the Spaniards, who had lost admiration for Charles and frankly hated Godoy. They went mad over this treacherous prig for whom they were to fight so marvelously and waste so much generous blood. Charles flew to the protection of Napoleon, who had declined to recognize Fernando. The Emperor invited the whole brawling family to Bayonne, bullied them

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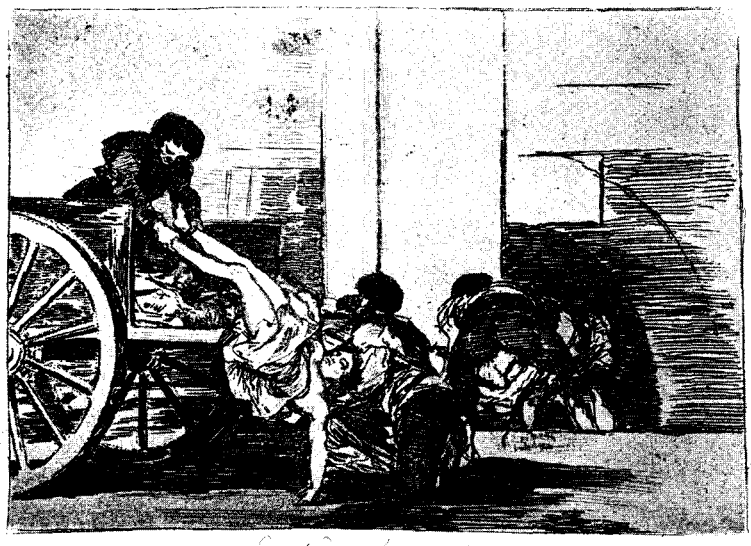

Cornadas al cornudero

out of their thrones, and threw them as sops some French chateaux and some millions of francs.

On this historic second of May, 1808 at the *Puerta del Sol*, when the Madrilenos saw that the last Bourbon princes were really leaving, and that Murat with his hated *Gabachos*, his even more hated descendants of the Moors, the Mameluke cavalry, was in Spain to stay, they went wild, cut the horses loose from the carriages that contained the whimpering princes and tore the guards to pieces. Murat, who was fed up with the intractability and insolence of the Spanish mob, from whom he had had to bear on the day before, a good sound hissing as he rode from Mass, turned artillery point blank upon them and sent in his Mamelukes to cut them down. The crowd broke, found somewhere some small artillery, muskets, clubs and above all their celebrated dirks, *las navajas* of historical importance, and returned to fight Murat back on his heels. But they ultimately had to break again and disperse, sullen and still fiercely unsubdued. Murat was furious. He set out to smash this

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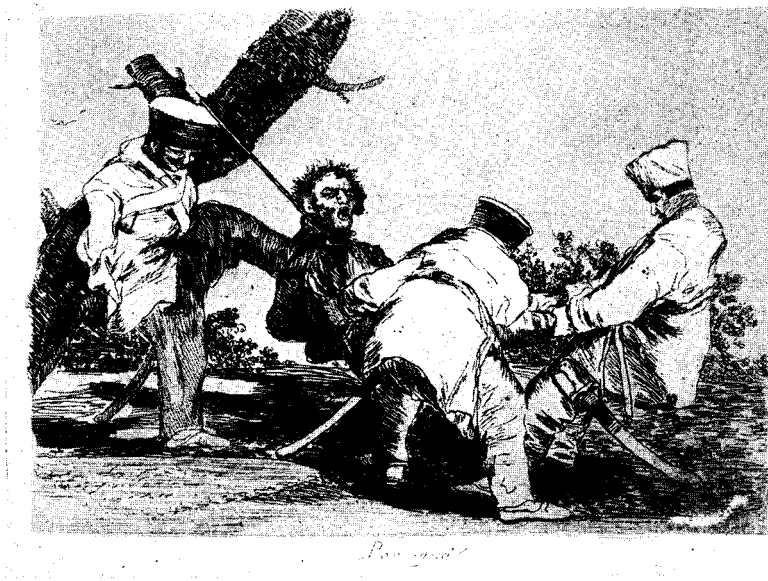

spirit once and for all. All that day and throughout the next day and night, he forced great indiscriminate crowds of men and women in front of firing-squads. The executions were for disciplinary purposes and were therefore public. At night they took place by the light of a huge lantern in the graveyard of the Church *del Buen Suceso* near the *Puerta del Sol*, and on the Mount of the Pious Prince, near the Church of *La Florida* which Goya decorated and where he now is buried.

Goya saw these executions both from the balcony of his house on the *Puerta del Sol* and from his *Quinta* near *La Florida* on the Manzanares River. When the flash and crack of the musketry of the French executioners ceased late on the night of May 3, Goya called his body servant, Isidro and with a lantern they climbed the Mount of the Pious Prince where the dead still lay piled and torn. In his book, *Madrid por Fuera*, D. Antonio Trueba reports Isidro's accounts of this trip. "There was a big moon and the sky was filled with rolling black clouds. The light came and went. My hair stood on end when I saw my

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Barbaros!

master with his notebook making for the dead. When he saw that I was not at my best, he asked, 'Tremblest thou, Othello?', and I burst into tears, thinking my master mad."

The next day Goya showed Isidro the first print in his most remarkable series of engravings, *Los Desastres de la Guerra*, "The Disasters of War." It was one of his many scenes of execution, like the great canvas of the "Execution of the Third of May," which now hangs in the Prado. In it men and women kneel to pray, hooded or hiding their eyes or standing boldly among the slain under the light of the great lantern, with the muzzles of the muskets almost against their bodies. Isidro, upset by the starkness of this new realism, asked, "Sir, why do you draw these barbarous actions that men do?" "To have," Goya answered, "the pleasure of telling them forever not to do them."

He was at once depressed with the brutality of the French and immensely stirred and fired by the peculiar boldness and cold courage of the Spanish. From then on, he dedicated himself a witness to their patient and magnif-

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icent struggle. *Yo Lo Vi!*, "I Saw It!" he writes as title to one of these plates of vivid abnegation, of flight before flames and of death. In these engravings his highly aroused emotions lifted his genius to new heights. He had always been an intense and rapid worker, and here this intensity and speed are more marked than elsewhere. In addition, there are here more dramatic composition, a more powerful and pointed appeal. The line is as bold as the subject is uncompromising. His use of aquatint invests these plates with a chilling and tragic somberness. The drama and composition of *The Disasters of War* overwhelmed Delacroix. He went to school to them and European art was revolutionized. The nymphs, shepherds and masked ladies of classical art, posturing at their eternal *fêtes champêtres* against a background of palpably manufactured "nature," fled before this uncompromising realism and humanity.

In the initial plate of the series, is a shadowy man with his eyes rolled up in horror of the things he is about to witness. He is a sort of Saint Jerome

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out of Jose Ribera, against a background of veiled and ugly human faces, forcing himself to look at what he would rather not see. This is the artist dedicating himself not only to witness but to test the validity of so much torture, patience and heroism. The remaining plates are a record and a commentary of this terrible and, at the same time, monstrously useless experience of the Spanish people. Goya tried to miss nothing. He would go in the morning to work on a portrait of the new, but nervous, King Joseph Bonaparte or one of his bemedaled generals, and return at night to work secretly on these plates which are an unanswerable argument against the whole Napoleonic adventure. He followed intensely this trial and progress of Spain to its ultimate victory and tragedy.

First, he set down the super-human fortitude with which the Spanish bore the punitive and disciplinary technique of Murat and the French army. No sort of terror could make the Spanish submit. Executions like those of the second and third of May continued throughout Spain. Murat

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Muertos recogidos

burned to the ground every village where a Frenchman was killed. The executed dead were piled everywhere. Goya grimly drew these *Muertos Recogidos*, pile after pile of dead, *Tanto y Mas*, "These and More." And he added plates of close range executions, defiant men and women falling unarmed. *No se Puede Mirar*, he entitles one, "It Can't Be Looked At." And yet he never turned away, noting the fall of the bodies of dead men and women as they were flung into cellars along with smashed furniture, broken beams and other "Debris of War;" the grotesque rows of posts over the bare Castillian hills to which are bound the blindfolded bodies of executed men; the full weight of men swinging from a gibbet *Por Una Navaja*, for possessing one of the terrible dirks; and the agony of the bayonet and the garrote.

And still the Spanish would not yield. Napoleon was enraged. He poured four hundred thousand men across the Pyrenees and took command himself. He defeated the English and Spanish everywhere. Sir John More was slain at Coruna. The part

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which the British played in this campaign cannot, of course, be minimized; and yet it was the *guerrilleros*, those roving bands of desperate *majos* and peasants with absolutely no fear, who bled the great armies of the Emperor and prepared them for the ultimate debacle at Salamanca. Napoleon forced back on the throne his reluctant brother who had fled to Valencia. Joseph had pleaded with his brother to give up the Spanish venture. He wrote to the Emperor "I have twelve million souls for my enemies, each one thirsting for my blood. . . . Sire, believe me, your glory will fail in Spain." But Napoleon supposed that his victories had settled the Spanish resistance. He ignored Joseph's nervousness and went on to attend to the matter of Russia. But the resistance continued.

In 1812, Napoleon invoked starvation for Madrid. The deeply moved and indignant Goya witnessed this, too. He sketched the scarecrows with death's-heads, seated under shadowy arches, mute but resolute, the butt of the passing French soldiers, who ask, "Of what species are these?" He

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drew them pausing on those bare tragic plateaus of Castile, under thunderous skies, to pass around a cup of water, or hooded and crowded in the city about a pot, to chew the roll of flour and onion which helped them to bear this further terrific test of their courage and their love of liberty. And with this starvation came more of the dead. Goya draws them being lowered by friends into hasty graves or else being pushed into the parish cart that came to take them away twice a day.

But *No Quieren!* "They Will Not Surrender," exults Goya in the title to a drawing which shows the deliberate action and studied stubbornness of Spanish resistance. The soldiers of the Empire did not know what to do with these steady desperate fighters. They would walk right into the French bayonets, right up to the muzzles of the muskets, armed only with a club, an axe or the inevitable dirk. Goya pictures their movements as free and deliberate, as against the somewhat harrassed and surprised posturing of the French, who were used, of course, to more regular kinds of war-

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fare. He records a woman with a baby on her hip, thrusting with cold passion a pike into a Frenchman. He memorializes the heroism of the women of Zaragoza during the three weeks of street fighting there. He gives us the figures of women working cannon among the dead against the French. And he depicts with as much concern for skill and technique as he displays in his paintings and etchings of *Tauromaquia*, the handling of the conquering *navaja*. The *majo* leaps full upon the back of the fleeing Frenchman, embraces him and thrusts with the knife over and down in front of the body. The dirk of the *guerrilleros* was winning against the sword of the Empire. Cadiz stood, without surrender, a siege of two and a half years. Barcelona captured and massacred its own besiegers. A French army was destroyed at Baylen. General Turxille was torn to pieces. The French were slowly retiring everywhere pursued by these cold and relentless people who had no fear and gave no quarter. With the defeat of Salamanca the flight became a rout, a series of merciless ambuscades out of which the

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French were able to save, along with their King Joseph, 70,000 men and some baggage.

Juan Martin, *El Empecinado*, "The Pepper Merchant," head of the *guerrilleros* rode triumphantly into Madrid with Wellington. The Spanish public went wild. Their Fernando, *El Deseado*, "The Desired," was restored to them. Goya hastened to do a sympathetic portrait of Juan Martin, and one of Wellington. It is said that in the course of painting the latter, Goya became so annoyed at the Englishman's constant interruptions with small talk that he drove the Iron Duke from the studio with a saber.

In any case, Spain prepared for peace and to enjoy the rights of the new constitution of Cadiz, which had been drawn up during the war by General Blake and Admiral Ciscar. But Fernando was in no mood for constitutions and all that sort of French folderol which had been poisoning Europe. He had returned to the throne backed by 100,000 "Sons of St. Louis," and with the especial good wishes and advice of the French Bourbons. Fernando became absolutist. He re-in-

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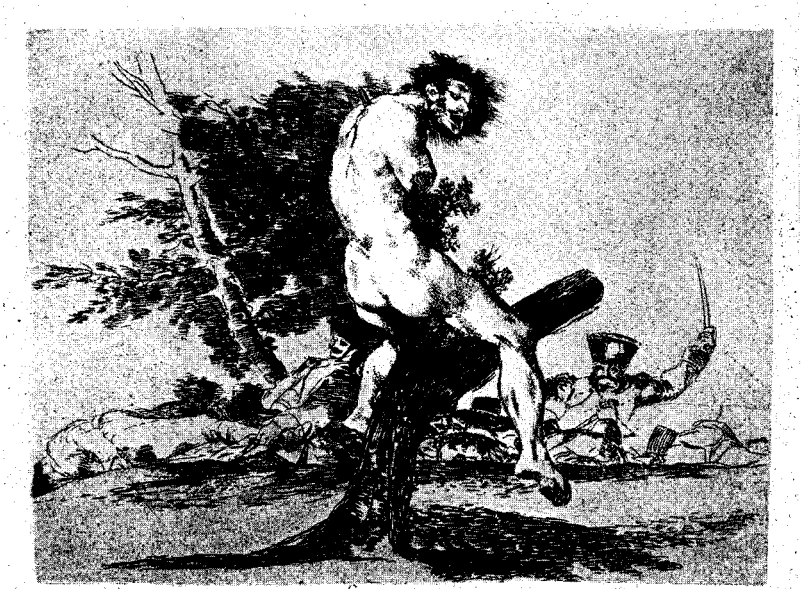

Esto es peor

voked the Inquisition, and instituted a *Camarilla* which for abjectness and brutality, is unequalled in history. He made the University students take an oath never to support any of the French revolutionary ideals. Freedom of the press and of speech, which had been written into the constitution, were ignored by Fernando. To the protests of the people he answered with massacres which equaled those of the French in brutality. The miracle is that the mob that had whipped Napoleon slipped back into their holes, practically without a fight.

Goya was disgusted. True, he did a portrait of the new King, after intriguing to have his income restored. The portrait was another masterpiece of deception. In this portrait Goya displays the Monarch with a grin of vanity and a leer of treachery that are most disconcerting. Still, it is said that Fernando was delighted with it and was loath to lose one of the ornaments of his court when, Goya, after assuring himself of his income, begged to be allowed "for his health," to go to France. Except for one brief visit to Spain, he never returned.

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THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

FRANCISCO GOYA

The final plate of the series of engravings, *Desastres de la Guerra*, reveals Goya's entire disillusionment as to the outcome of the War of Independence, and as to the value of the torment which Spain had borne so magnificently in order to restore Fernando. In this etching, the saint of the title plate, appears again. Only now he is emaciated almost beyond recognition, a skeleton with still some flesh tight against the bone. He is descending rapidly into a grave. The figures in the background of the title plate are now ghosts, gibbering and posturing horribly. A huge night is descending to envelope everything. But the man about to go under into the tomb, whose horrible body shows how much he saw and suffered, whose grimace shows how much he hoped, looks now at these figures in torment and confusion, at the inexorable fall of darkness, and weighs in his mind the value of the whole Spanish sacrifice and victory. Before he goes down, he finds strength enough to write on a tablet the result; and it is the word *Nada*—"Nothing."

—EDWIN MORGAN

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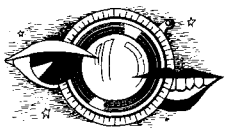
TALKING PICTURES

PONDERING THE PROBLEM PRESENTED BY THE CAPTIONING OF PHOTOGRAPHS



We become less and less inclined to talk about the photographs as we become more and more convinced that the best photographs talk for themselves, speaking in a language of their own, and that the less there is left to say about a picture, by way of explanation, after looking at it, the better it is as a picture.

Therefore we elect to talk around, rather than directly about, the photographs.

The unusual photograph of a Madonna and Child on page 57 is a result of trimming the print so that the edges of the metal niche (in which the statue stands on the wall of a Bavarian cathedral) do not show, the resultant "sunburst" of straight lines giving the effect of a strangely modern background to a medieval object.

Well placed for comparison and study as examples of the poetry of motion, but perhaps a bit too whimsically captioned, are *Flame* and *Moth* on pages 58 and 59. This raises a point on which we would like to have an expression of reader opinion: How will you have your captions, plain or flavored? We are sometimes inclined to the belief that titles, however felicitous an occasional one may seem, really have no place on photographs, paintings or works of music, yet we realize that some people are annoyed by their absence. Then, too, some captions do seem necessary, for instance *How Tibetans Say Hello* on page 70, without which the subject's action would certainly be misinterpreted by American readers. On the other hand, it is our feeling that it takes a little away from the enjoyment of the photograph on page 119, which has been left untitled because it is a full bleed page reproduction, to learn that its title is *Serenade*. Turning on, then, and having just about decided that captions are as ruinous to the picture's mood as platitudinous remarks to the contemplation of a sunset, we are brought up short on page 128 by the realization that even a long caption can hardly convey the interesting fact that this picture is a close-up of the fender of a car parked opposite the Chrysler Building in New York, the latter plainly visible in each separate drop of the rain that has obviously just begun to fall!

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ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

DOWN TO THE DANUBE

CORONET

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HELGA GLASSNER BERLIN

SOUTH GERMAN MADONNA

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FRED G. KORTH, CHICAGO FROM BLACK STAR

FLAME

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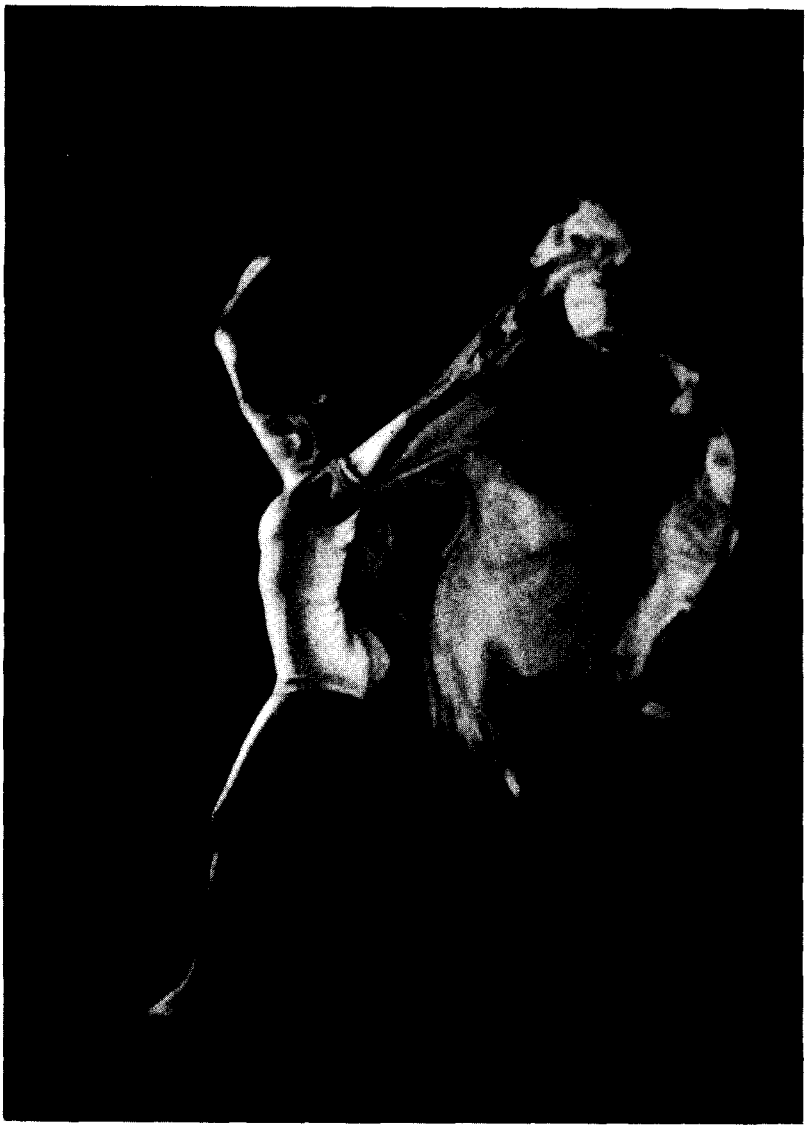

WM. EDWIN BOOTH RICHMOND, VA.

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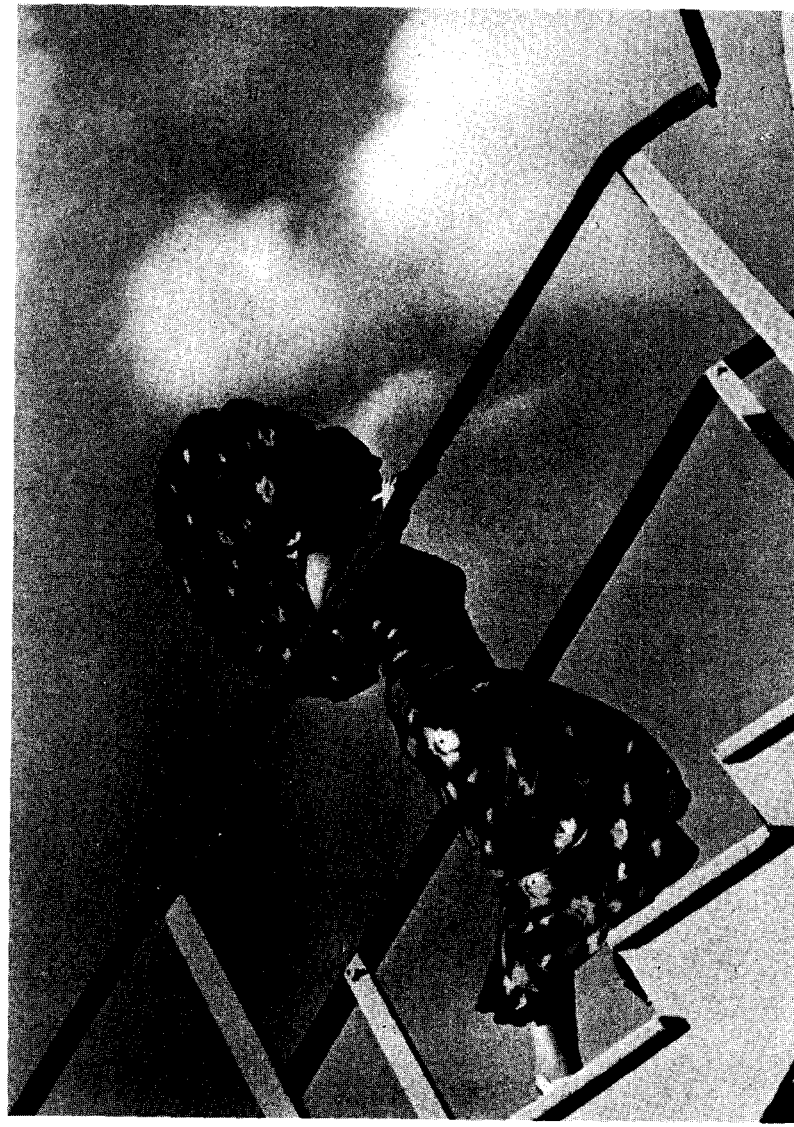

BRUNO STEFANI MILAN

LIDO STEPS

CORONET

60

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ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

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KÁLMÁN SZÖLLÖSY BUDAPEST

DANCE OUTDOORS

CORONET

62

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WESTELIN CHICAGO

BALLET CLASS

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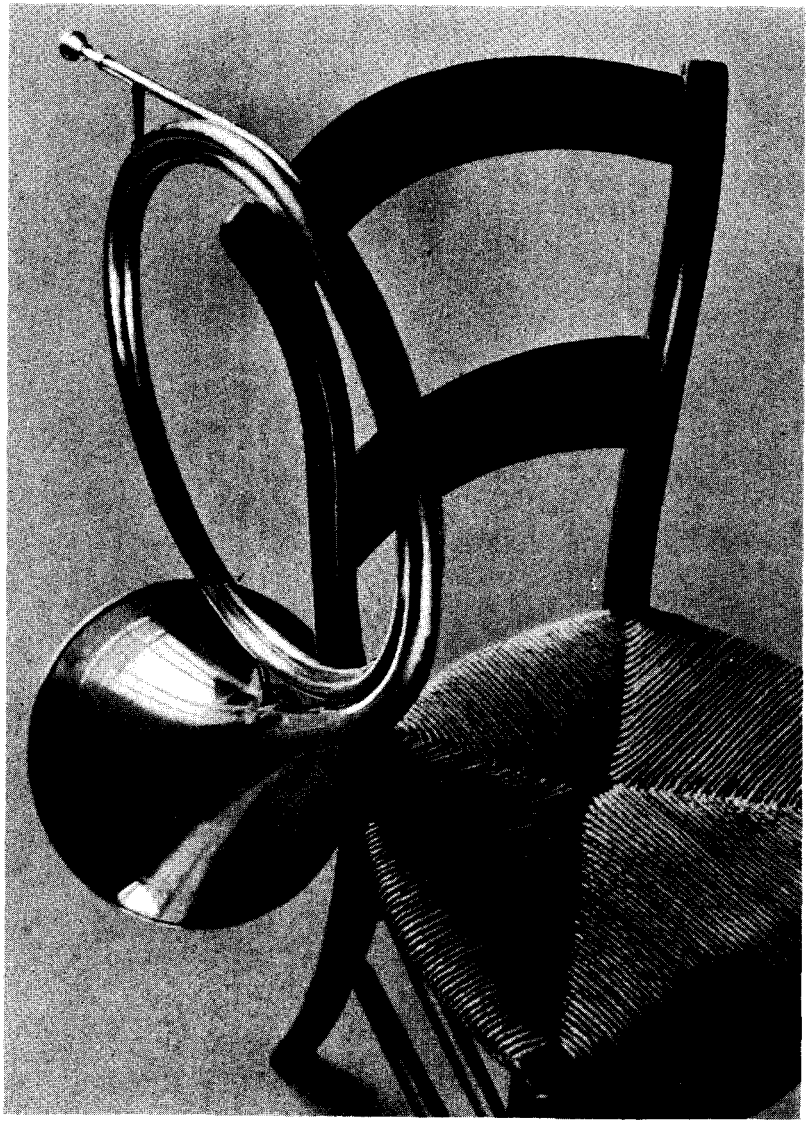

KERTESZ

FROM EUROPEAN

HUNTING HORN

CORONET

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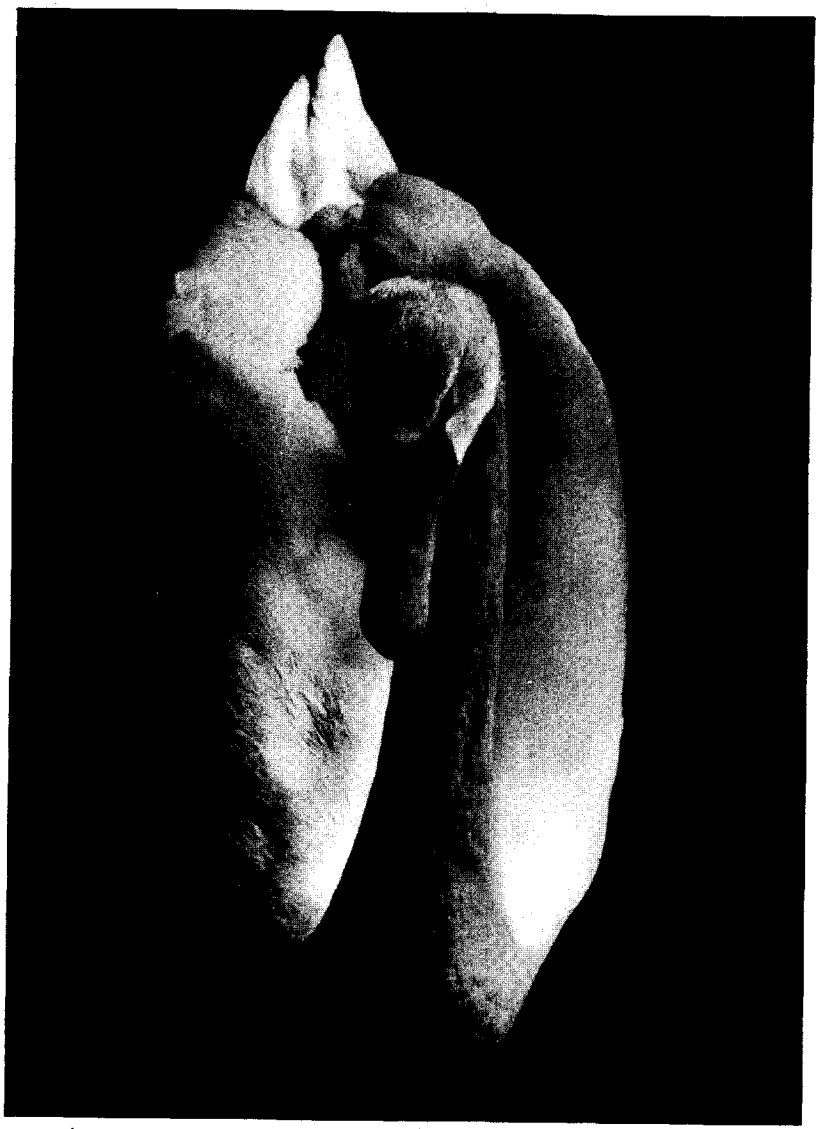

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

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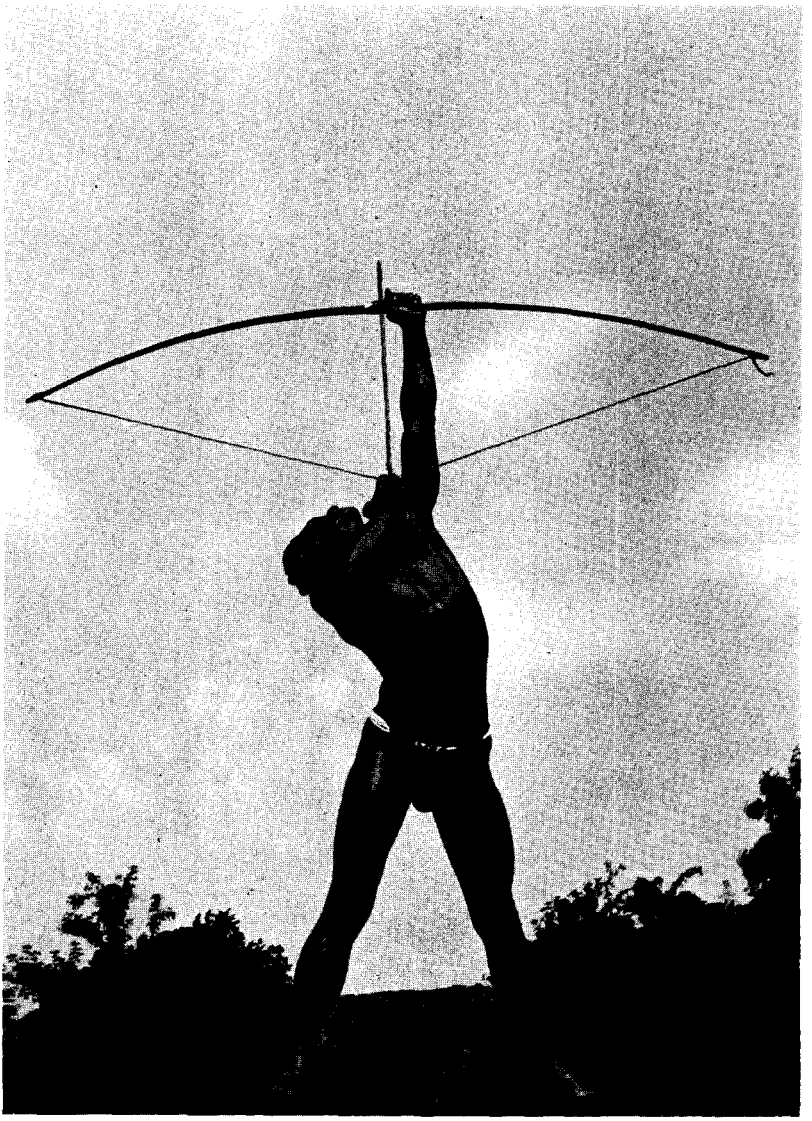

DJY FRINGHIAN PARIS

"WHO SHOOTS AT THE MIDDAY SUN"

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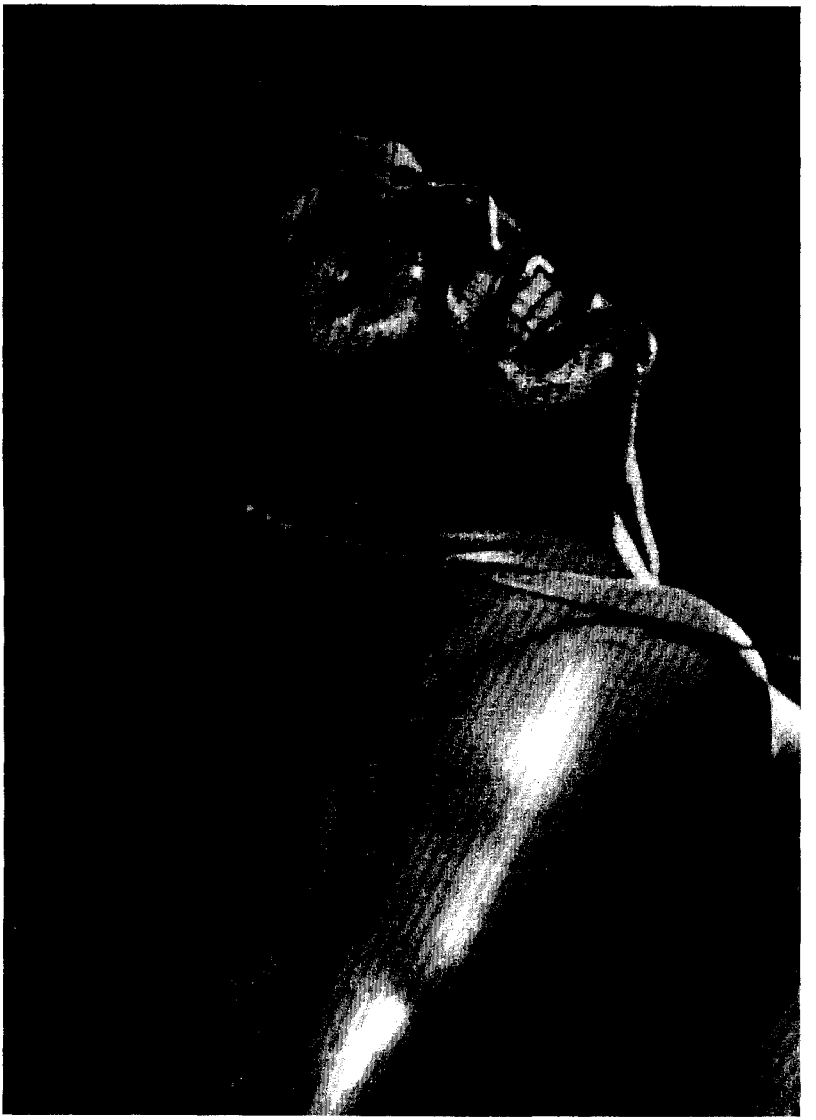

ATHOL L. SHMITH MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

ANZAC ATHLETE

MAY, 1937

67

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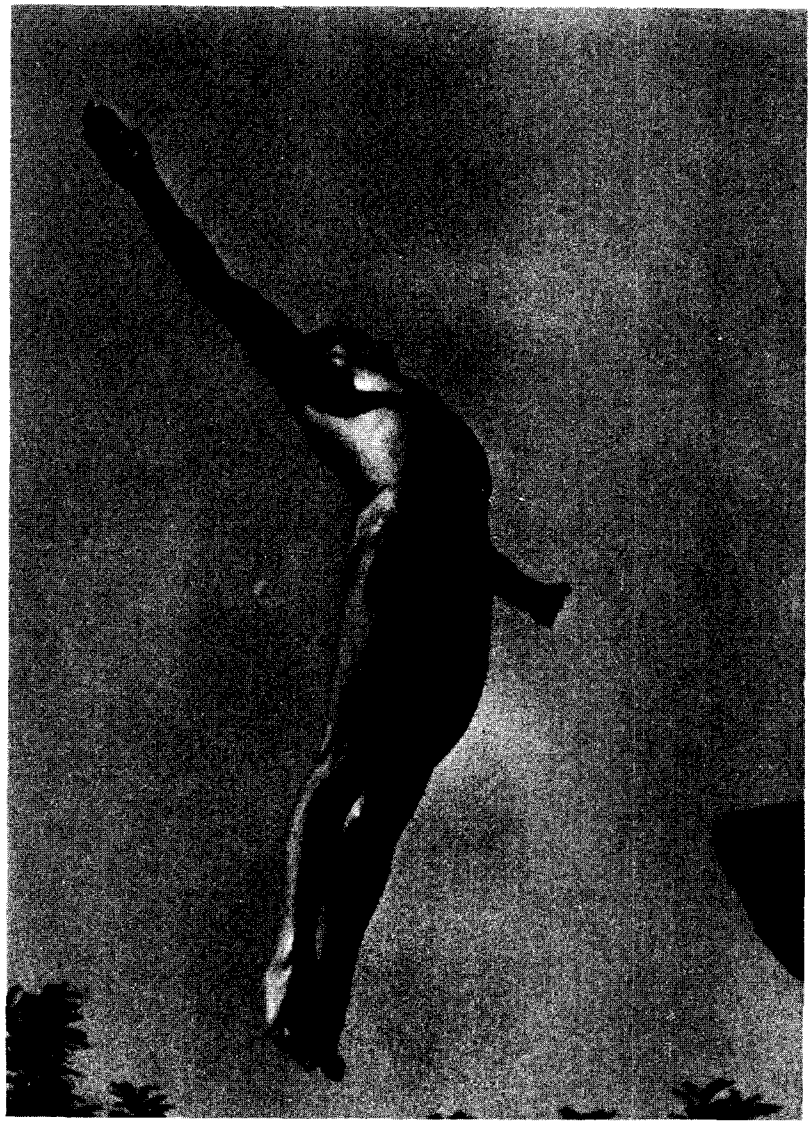

K. DIEBOLD, HUNGARY — FROM BLACK STAR

LIKE A BIRD

CORONET

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MAURICE BERNARD PARIS

LIKE A FISH

MAY, 1937

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HARRISON FORMAN NEW YORK

HOW TIBETANS SAY "HELLO"

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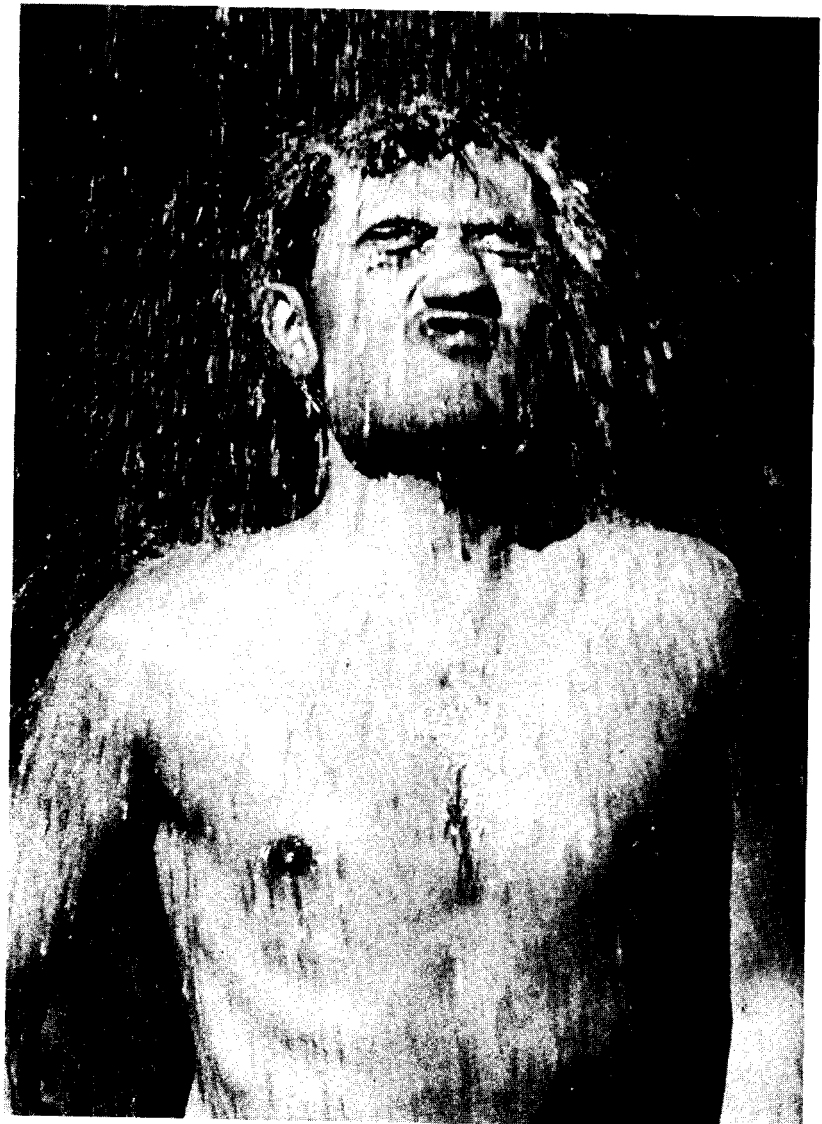

KINDL PRAGUE

COLD SHOWER

MAY, 1937

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BRUNO STEFANI — MILAN

MINER AT WORK

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MIKLOS TOLNAI BUDAPEST

EVENING AT HOME

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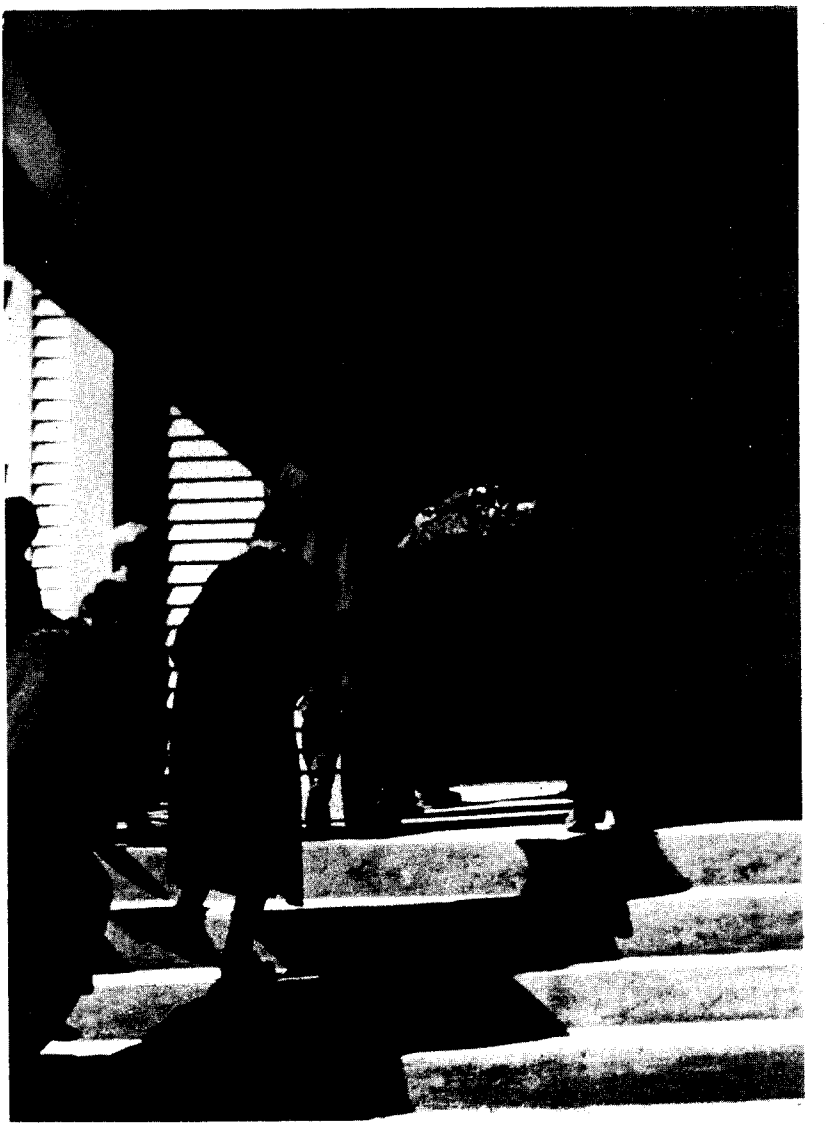

DOROTHY MACLEAN GATLINBURG, TENN.

WAY OF ALL FLESH

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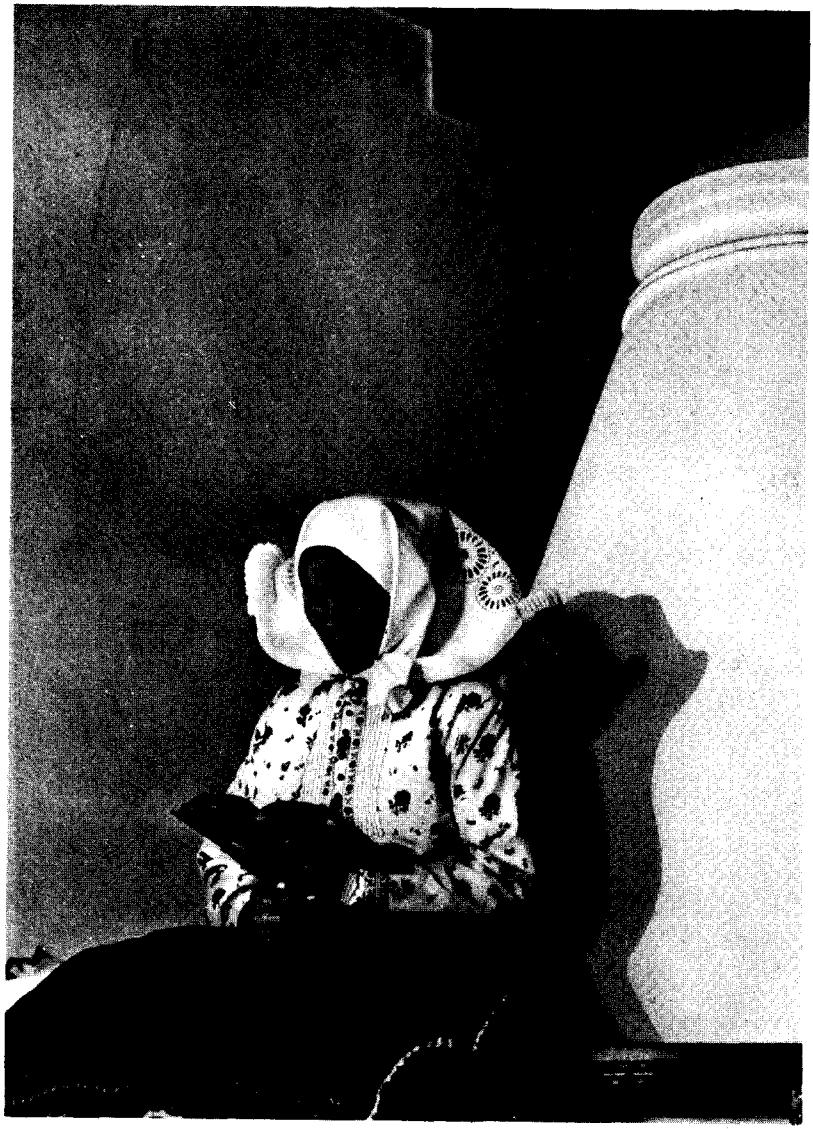

GYULA RAMHAB BUDAPEST

"THY ROD AND THY STAFF . . ."

MAY, 1937

75

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E. J. TOOMEY DALLAS, TEXAS

RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER

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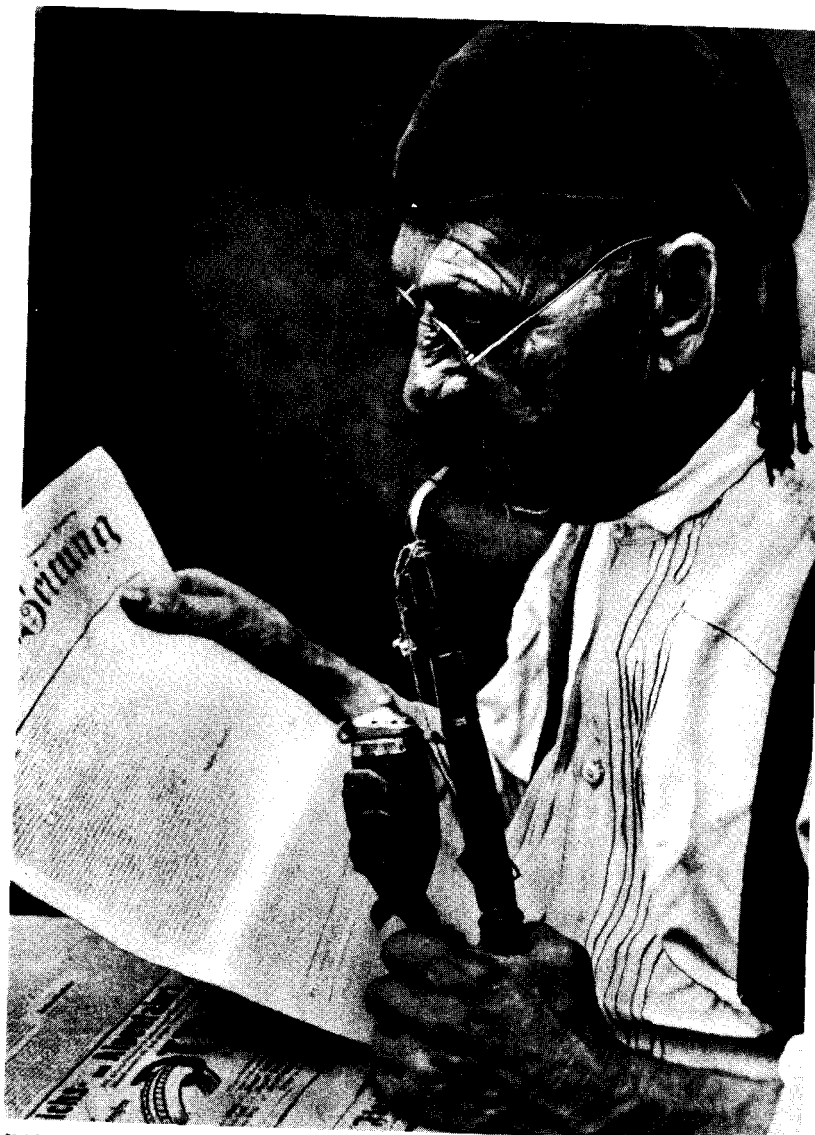

KARL OBERT

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGES"

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WESTBILD, BERLIN

FROM EUROPEAN

HAPPY DONKEY

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P. WOLFF, BERLIN

FROM EUROPEAN

YOUNG ORANG OUTANG

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEINZ VON PERCKHAMMER, BERLIN FROM EUROPEAN

MOTHERHOOD

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DR. AJTAY-HEIM

BUDAPEST

MIKI

MAY, 1937

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

DIDN'T YOU BRING ME ANYTHING?

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VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

PLAGUE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD

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GYULA RAMHAB BUDAPEST

GARDEN FLOWER

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VADAS, BUDAPEST

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

WILD FLOWER

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PAINTINGS IN LITTLE

A NOTE ABOUT THE TECHNIQUE OF THE EUROPEAN MINIATURE-PAINTERS

THE technique of miniature painting began as an outgrowth and development of the art of manuscript illumination. The younger Holbein, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, began the great vogue for miniature portraits in England where it continued for the next three centuries without abatement. Except in the case of Holbein, one of the titans of art history, who was both the earliest and the greatest of the long line of miniaturists, little is known of the earliest miniature painters, such as Teerlinc (page 89), Betts, Benninck and others. The next great miniaturist after Holbein, and really the first whose works can be identified beyond doubt, was Nicholas Hilliard who flourished in Elizabeth's time. Next came the Olivers, father and son, succeeded by the elder and younger Hoskins, in turn succeeded by John Hoskins' nephew Samuel Cooper (1609-72), generally regarded as the greatest of English miniaturists.

Through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, miniatures were usually painted on the backs of playing cards, or on parchment or very thin skin stretched across the backs of playing cards. In the eighteenth century the use of ivory as a ground for portrait-miniatures first began along with the development of transparent colors. Richard Cosway, Andrew and Nathaniel Plimer, George Engleheart, John Smart, Lens, Humphry and Shelley are outstanding eighteenth century miniaturists on ivory.

Through Hilliard's time all the portraits are flat and without shadows, occasionally touched up with gold, in the manner of medieval manuscript illumination. This manner had spent itself by Cooper's time, when the true portrait "in the round" became prevalent in miniatures.

Holbein is supposed to have painted his inimitable miniature portraits with egg-yolk or egg-white or both. Hilliard painted on parchment with long sharp pointed brushes, grinding his colors with gum arabic. Sugar candy and honey were also so used. Opaque colors gave way to the transparent only after the middle of the eighteenth century. (Readers interested in technique are referred to *The Art of the Miniature Painter* by G. C. Williamson.)

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VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

MRS. PEMBERTON BY HANS HOLBEIN

Probably the most important single miniature in the world, formerly in the Pierpont Morgan collection but acquired in 1935 (at a reported figure of £50,000) for the Victoria and Albert Museum where it is the chief glory of the greatest of miniature collections. Width 2″.

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ANNE OF CLEVES BY HANS HOLBEIN

Henry VIII sent Holbein to Duren in July, 1539 to paint this miniature of the nineteen-year-old girl whom (if her picture looked good to him, which it did) he was to make his fourth queen! Painted on vellum, originally on a playing card, in turned ivory case. Width $1\frac{23}{32}$".

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ATTRIBUTED TO LIVINA TEERLINC, 1590

One of a pair of charming miniatures of four-year-old girls, supposed to be the work of this gifted woman of whom little more is known than that she painted Queen Elizabeth's portrait on a playing card, receiving in return a two and three quarter ounce jug! Height 2″.

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THE VIRGIN QUEEN BY HILLIARD

Appointed limner to Queen Elizabeth and to her successor James I, Hilliard made several likenesses of the queen, all on vellum, on playing cards, like this. Often called a pupil of Holbein, whose work influenced him, he was born four years after Holbein's death (1543).

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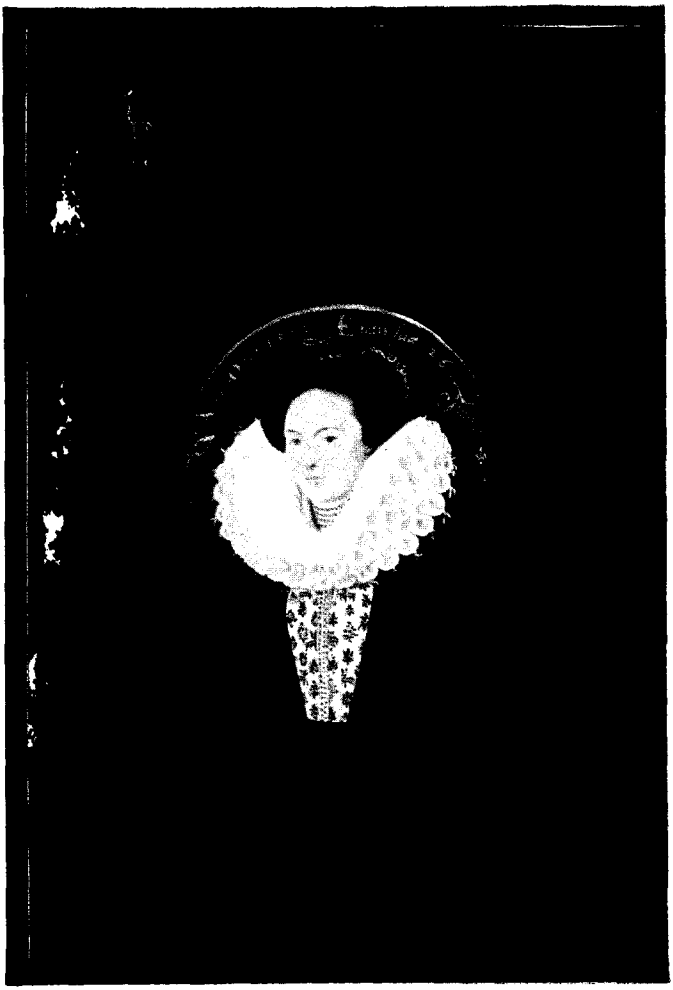

MRS. HOLLAND BY HILLIARD, 1593

Acquired by the Victoria and Albert in 1910 through the Salting Bequest, along with six other Hilliards, the Holbein on page 88, and many others, altogether the most important of the museum's gifts of miniatures. Mrs. Holland was Queen Elizabeth's Maid of Honour.

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ANNA OF BOSKOVIC, AGE 11, 1589

In contrast to the miniatures on the preceding pages which have been reproduced either actual size or a trifle enlarged for the sake of better detail this has been reduced about one-half from its 10⅝" height. On vellum. This is attributed to Pieter Pietersz, 1550-1611.

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THE EARL OF DORSET, 1616

With the passing of Hilliard and the Holbein influence, large miniatures were fashionable for a time. The most notable were those of Isaac Oliver, of which this portrait of Richard Sackville, painted in the year of Shakespeare's death, is one of the finest. Height 9¼".

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ATTRIBUTED TO ISAAC OLIVER

Isaac Oliver (d. 1617) and his son Peter (1594-1647) were the first miniaturists in England to give roundness and form to the faces that they painted, although they retained the almost microscopic minuteness of detail that characterized their predecessors. This is unsigned.

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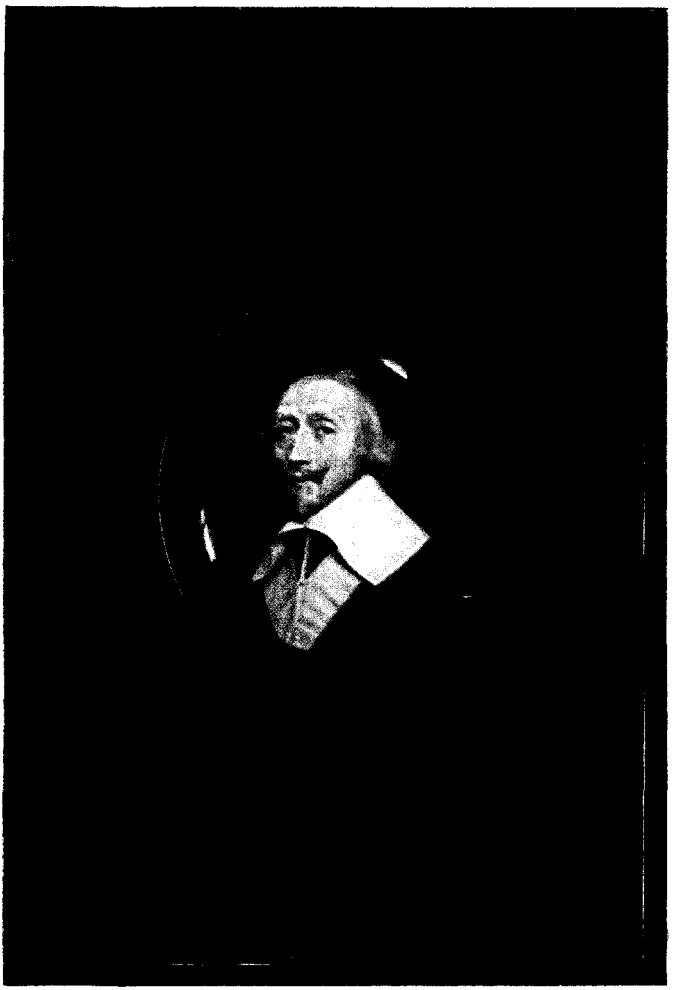

CARDINAL RICHELIEU BY PETITOT

Jean Petitot (1607-1691) made the finest miniatures on enamel, the secret of their perfection passing with him. Louis XIV gave him an apartment in the Louvre, where he made many miniatures of the king, his courtiers and he often worked on gold instead of copper.

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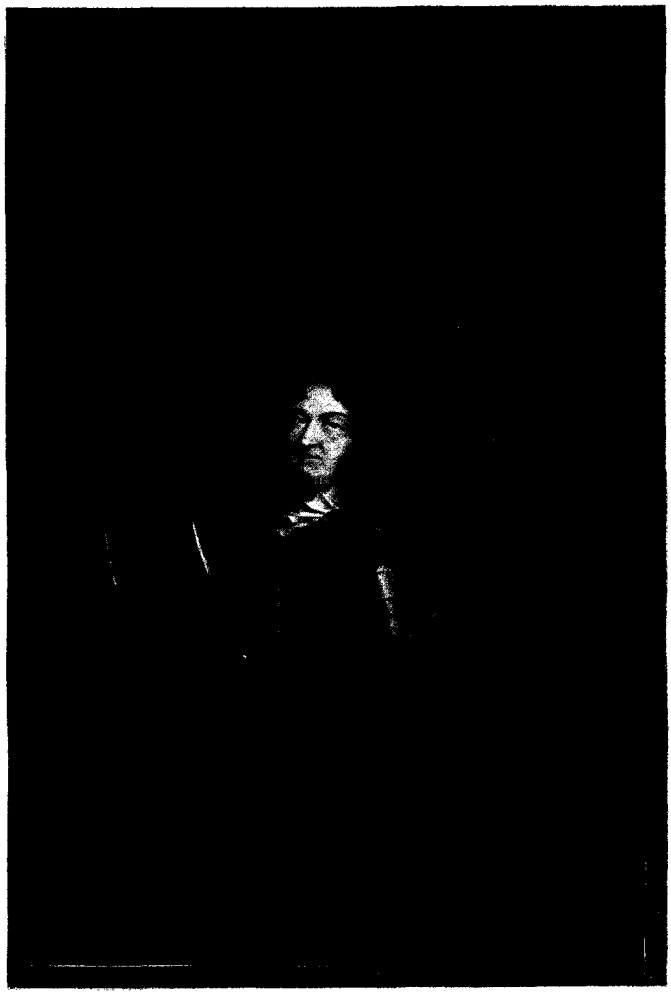

LOUIS XIV AFTER PETITOT

While portraits on enamel reached their highest development in France, in England after the first third of the eighteenth century the use of ivory became practically standard practice. This enamel probably copied from a Petitot original by one of his pupils. Height 1 5/8".

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LADY NAPIER BY RICHARD COSWAY

The most fashionable Cosway developed the ivory miniature to such perfection that most fine portraits on ivory were later attributed to him. Lady Sarah Napier, a great-granddaughter of Charles II, rejected George III, but was a bridesmaid at his wedding in 1761.

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MRS. SIDDONS BY RICHARD CROSSE, 1783

Dr. Johnson wrote his name on the hem of her skirt, Reynolds painted her as the Tragic Muse, everyone said the rôle of Lady Macbeth fitted her as it had never fitted another actress and perhaps never would again. Lawrence and Gainsborough also painted her.

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SALTCELLAR OF CARVED GOLD

By BENVENUTO CELLINI (1500-1572)

One of the world's great art treasures, in the possession of the Hapsburgs from 1570 and now in the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna. Cellini made the wax model in Florence in 1539, taking it with him to Paris when he began working under the patronage of Francis I of France in 1540 with a castle and a princely salary of two thousand crowns a year. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, he persuaded the King to commission its execution from the wax model. By the time it was finished (1543) the King had forgotten ordering it. In the year 1562 the saltcellar was supposed to be melted down with other gold objects from the French royal treasure chamber, but was spared this fate at the last moment by the order of the King's treasurer. In 1570 it was given, along with other gifts, by Charles IX of France to Archduke Ferdinand von Tirol (page 19, April CORONET) as a token of appreciation for the latter's action in serving as the King's proxy in his marriage to Elizabeth of Austria. A description of this saltcellar from Cellini's Autobiography is on the reverse of the insert. Elsewhere in his Autobiography Cellini mentions being given a thousand crowns in 1540 with which to undertake the saltcellar's completion. He carried the money home in a basket, fighting off four bandits with his sword on the way.

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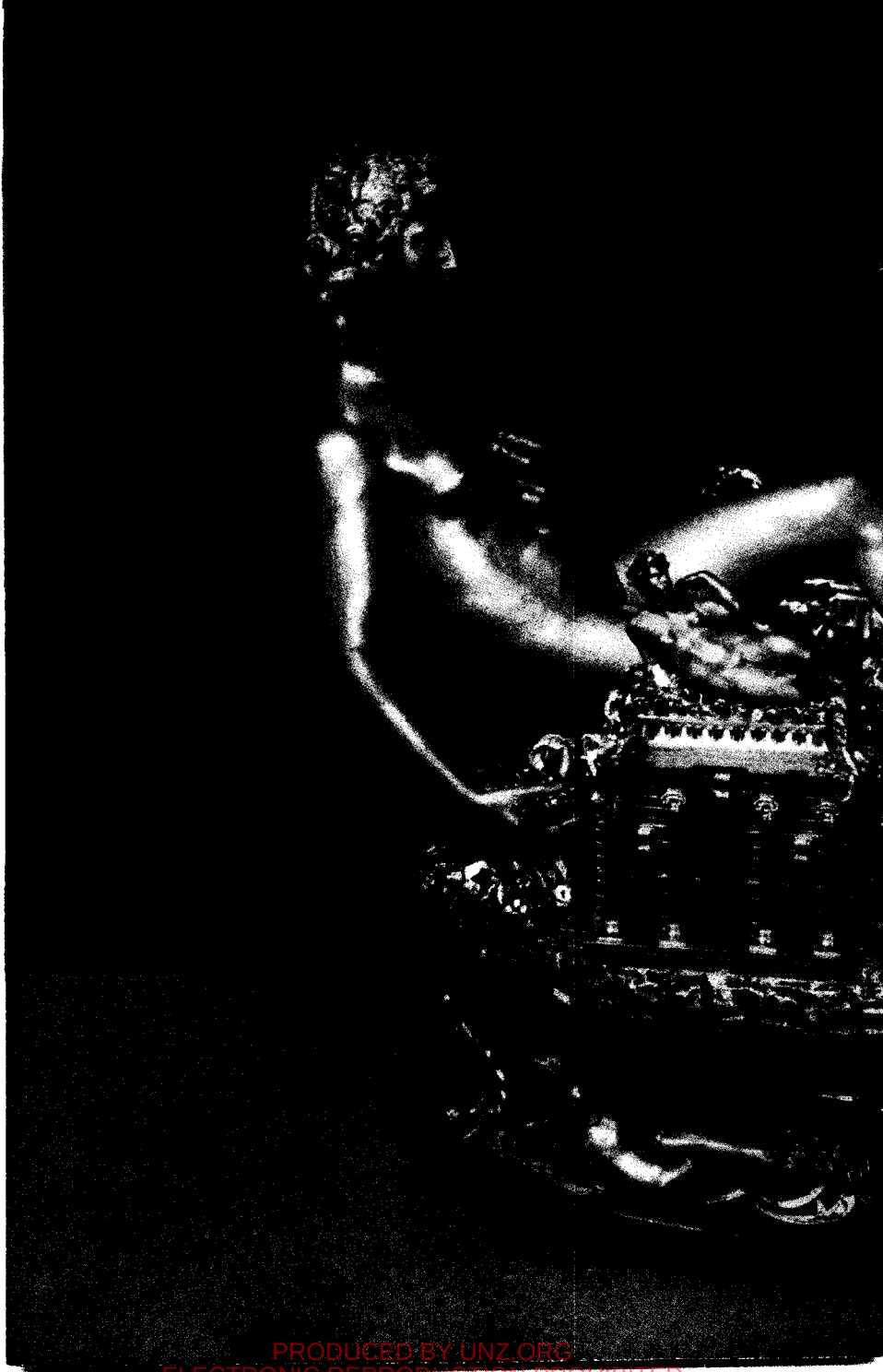

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CELLINI'S OWN DESCRIPTION OF THE VIENNA SALTCELLAR

It was oval in form, standing about two-thirds of a cubit, wrought of solid gold, and worked entirely with the chisel. I had represented Sea and Earth, seated, with their legs interlaced, as we observe in the case of firths and promontories; this attitude was therefore metaphorically appropriate. The Sea carried a trident in his right hand, and at his right I put a ship of delicate workmanship to hold the salt. Below him were his four sea-horses, fashioned like our horses from the head to the front hoofs; all the rest of their body, from the middle backwards, resembled a fish, and the tails of these creatures were agreeably interwoven. Above this group the Sea sat throned in an attitude of pride and dignity; around him were many kinds of fishes and other creatures of the ocean. The water was represented with its waves, and enamelled in the appropriate colour. I had portrayed Earth under the form of a very handsome woman, holding her horn of plenty, entirely nude like the male figure; at her right hand I placed a little temple of Ionic architecture, most delicately wrought, which was meant to contain the pepper. Beneath her were the handsomest living creatures which the earth produces; and the rocks were partly enamelled, partly left in gold. The whole piece reposed upon a base of ebony, properly proportioned, but with a projecting cornice, upon which I introduced four golden figures in rather more than half-relief. They represented Night, Day, Twilight, and Dawn. I put, moreover, into the same frieze four other figures, similar in size, and intended for the four chief winds: these were executed, and in part enamelled, with the most exquisite refinement. When I exhibited this piece to his Majesty, he uttered a loud cry of astonishment, and could not satiate his eyes with gazing at it.—BENVENUTO CELLINI

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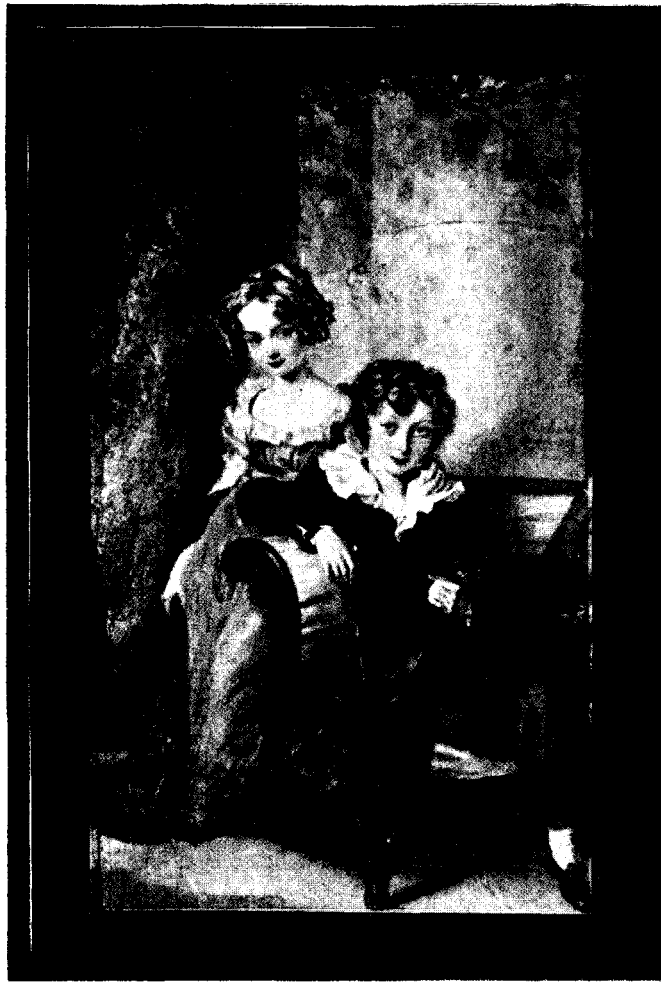

THE STIRLING CHILDREN BY ROCHARD, 1826

Little Miss Mary lived on for almost seventy years after Simon Jacques Rochard painted this large miniature on ivory, but her brother Patrick survived this sitting by only thirteen years, when death stayed his bow-arm and stilled his fiddle. Reduced from 9⅜".

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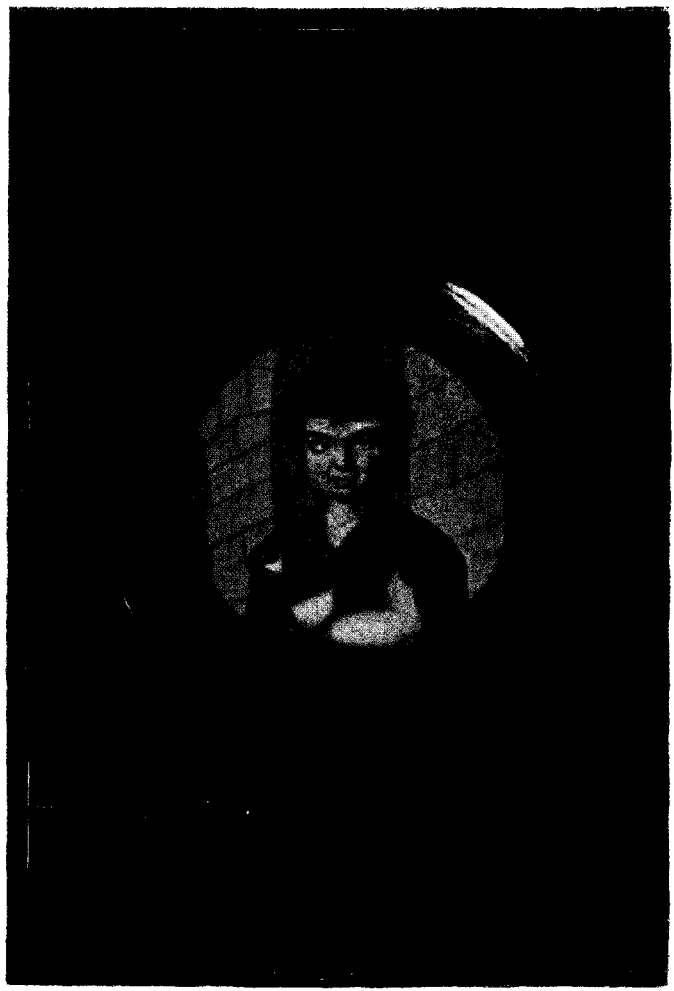

A RAGGED URCHIN BY PETER PAUL LENS

Of all the thousands of miniatures in the Victoria and Albert collections, this is the only one depicting a subject from the lower classes—a refreshing breath of democracy in the most aristocratic branch of the arts. It was probably painted in 1744. On ivory, $1\frac{25}{32}''$ wide.

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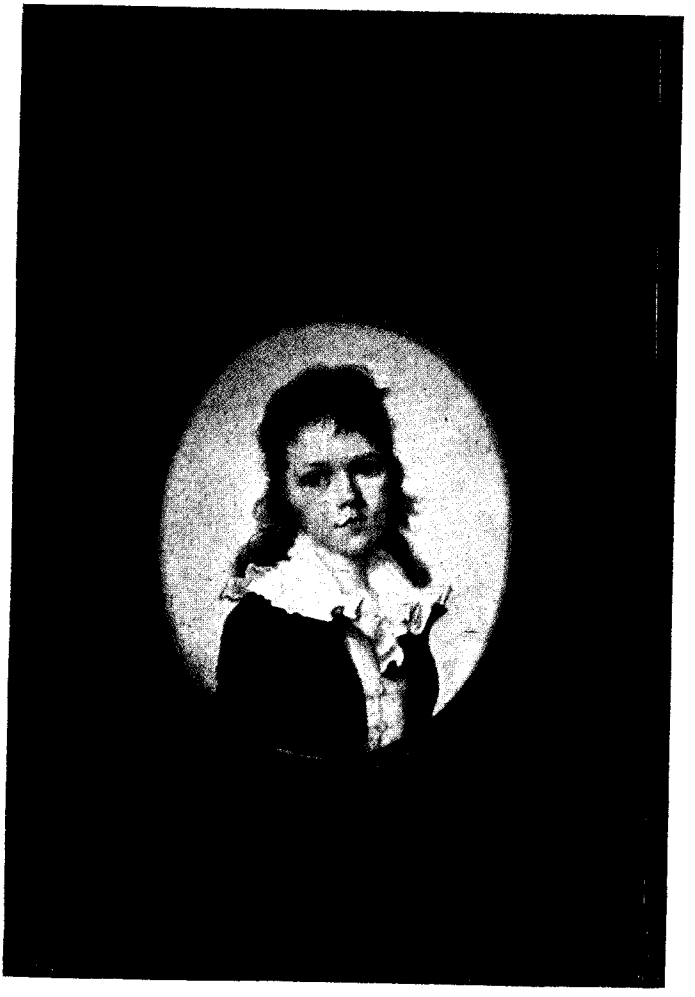

JOHN PUSEY WINT AS A BOY

Much more typical as a subject of miniature portraiture is the high born youngster shown here, in later life (see miniature on following page) to become an important colonial gentleman, with a huge holding of land in Jamaica. Attributed to Louis Ami Arlaud. On ivory.

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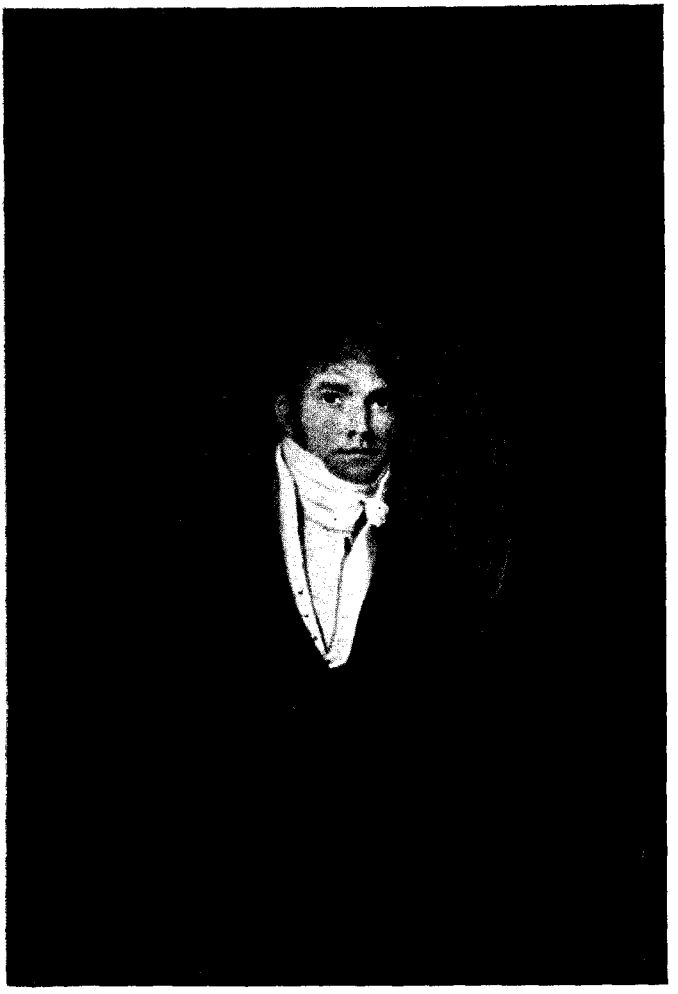

JOHN PUSEY WINT AS A MAN

A pair of miniatures painted at the same time by the same hand, probably in London about 1807, signed with initials I F, long unattributed, now assumed to be the work of J. Fruman. Presumably painted as a wedding memento, before the pair sailed for Jamaica.

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MRS. JOHN PUSEY WINT, NÉE BAILEY

Eliza Bailey was eighteen when she married and when, probably, this was painted. Typical of the early nineteenth century miniatures —not great art but an almost "speaking image"—comparing to the austerely great Holbeins as a Waldteufel waltz to a Bach fugue.

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BARON WALPOLE BY ROSALBA CARRIERA

Son of one of the greatest statesmen of the eighteenth century and brother of one of its greatest men of letters, Robert Baron Walpole was not himself distinguished. Rosalba Carriera went blind, ending her career as a fashionable miniaturist, ten years before she died.

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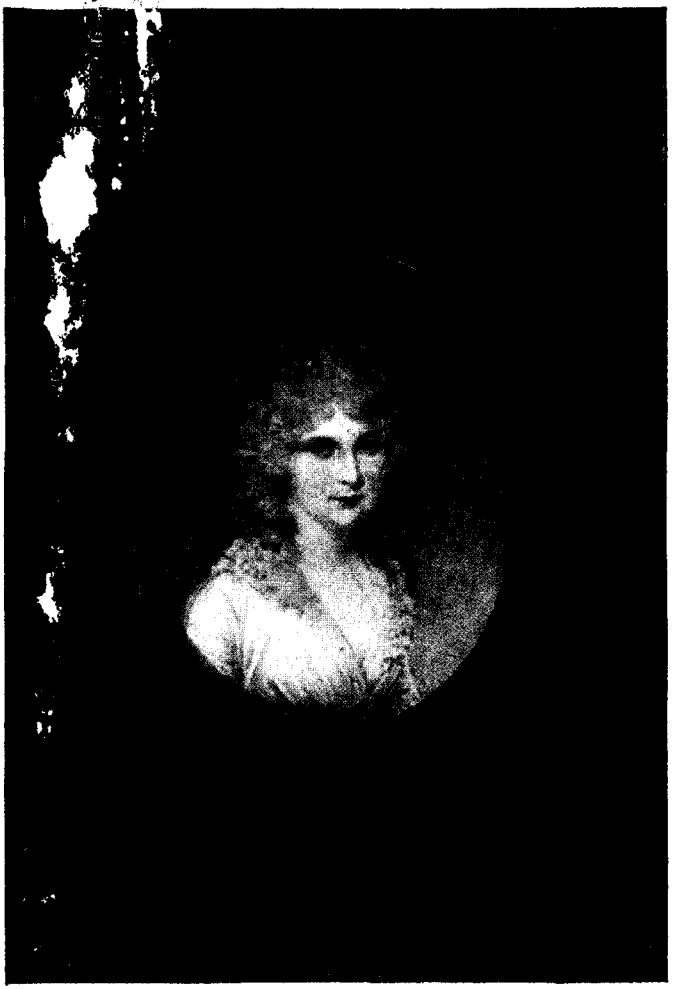

PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY SAMUEL SHELLEY

Shelley was a self-taught miniaturist, born in great poverty in Whitechapel, who trained himself by copying the paintings of Reynolds and the miniatures of Richard Cosway. He never equalled the facility of Cosway, who bragged of polishing off thirteen sitters in a day.

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PORTRAIT OF A GIRL BY SAMUEL SHELLEY

Shelley could never achieve brilliance of color, strive for it as he might. But the very defect he lamented, a subdued delicacy in his colors, caught the whim of fashion, and he enjoyed a great vogue, in 1780 doing portraits of the Duke of Marlborough's whole family.

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY ANDREW PLIMER

Andrew Plimer was a pupil of Cosway, whose style of laying on color (so that it "looked as if it was blown on to the ivory and was gently resting there") he managed to duplicate more skillfully than any of his successors. A collectors' favorite, commanding very high prices.

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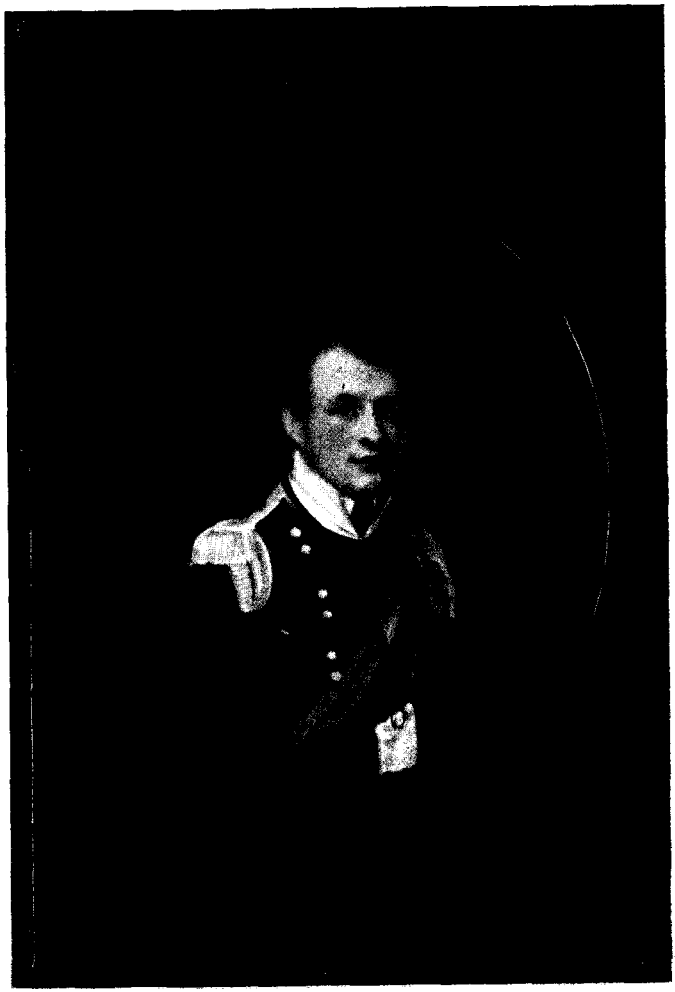

GENERAL SIR GEORGE NAPIER, 1814

Son of Lady Sarah Napier (page 97), he lost his right arm, as witness the empty sleeve, in the battle of Ciudad Rodrigro, thereby winning the gold medal which was struck off to commemorate that engagement in the Peninsular War. He was once governor of Cape Colony.

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PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER BY COMERFORD

John Comerford was one of the few Irish miniaturists to achieve front-rank recognition. Born in Kilkenny, the son of a flax dresser, he made his reputation in Dublin where he became famous for his portraits of military men. Subject unidentified except by initials J. F. P.

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THE FOUR SONS OF J. WOLLEY, ESQ., 1805

By John Cox Dillman Engleheart, the nephew of the better known eighteenth century miniaturist George Engleheart. The subjects were the sons of a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer. Like all the miniatures preceding, in the Victoria & Albert Museum, London.

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Six Native Types of French Soudan Africa

in a Portfolio

by PIERRE VERGER *of Paris*

MAY, 1937

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TOUAREG CHIEF'S WIFE

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A TOUAREG CHRISTIAN

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IFORAS TRIBESWOMAN

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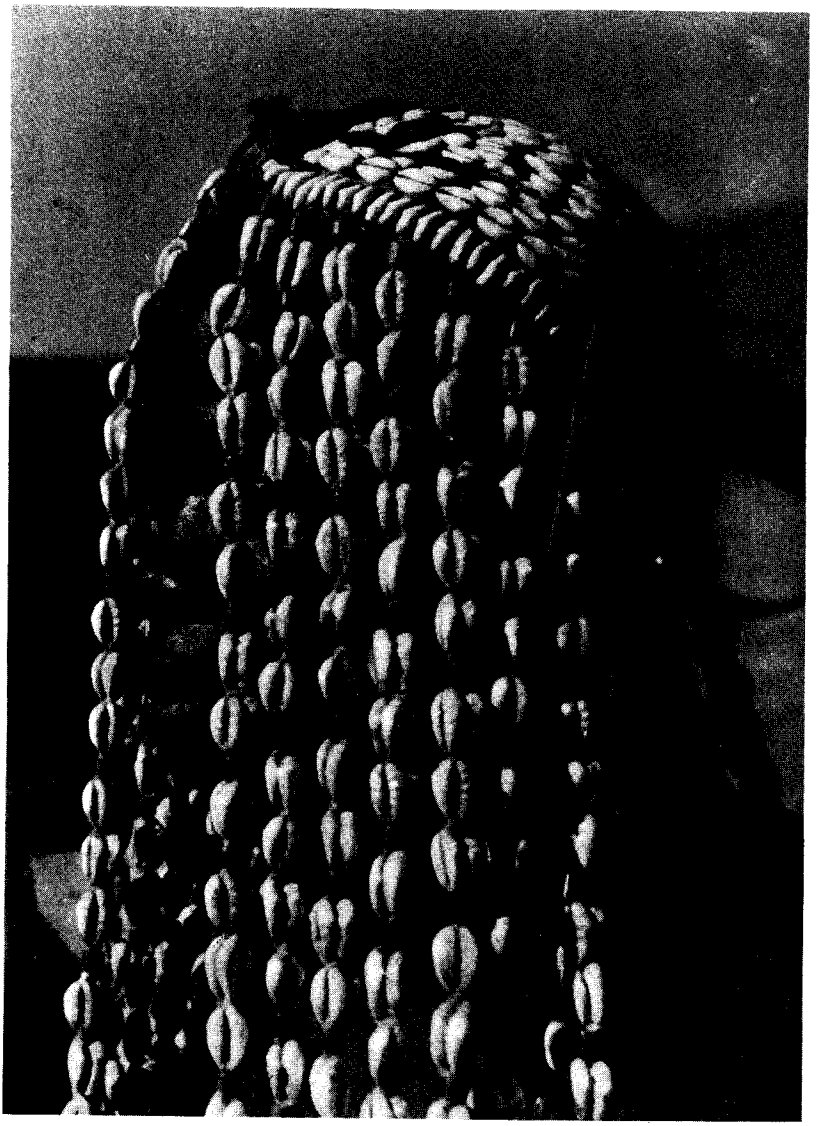

KONKOMBER WARRIOR

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FROM BLACK STAR

DESERT PREACHER

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BRUNO NEW YORK

ILLUSION

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S. VON KASKEL BERLIN

DANCE ON THE ROOF

CORONET

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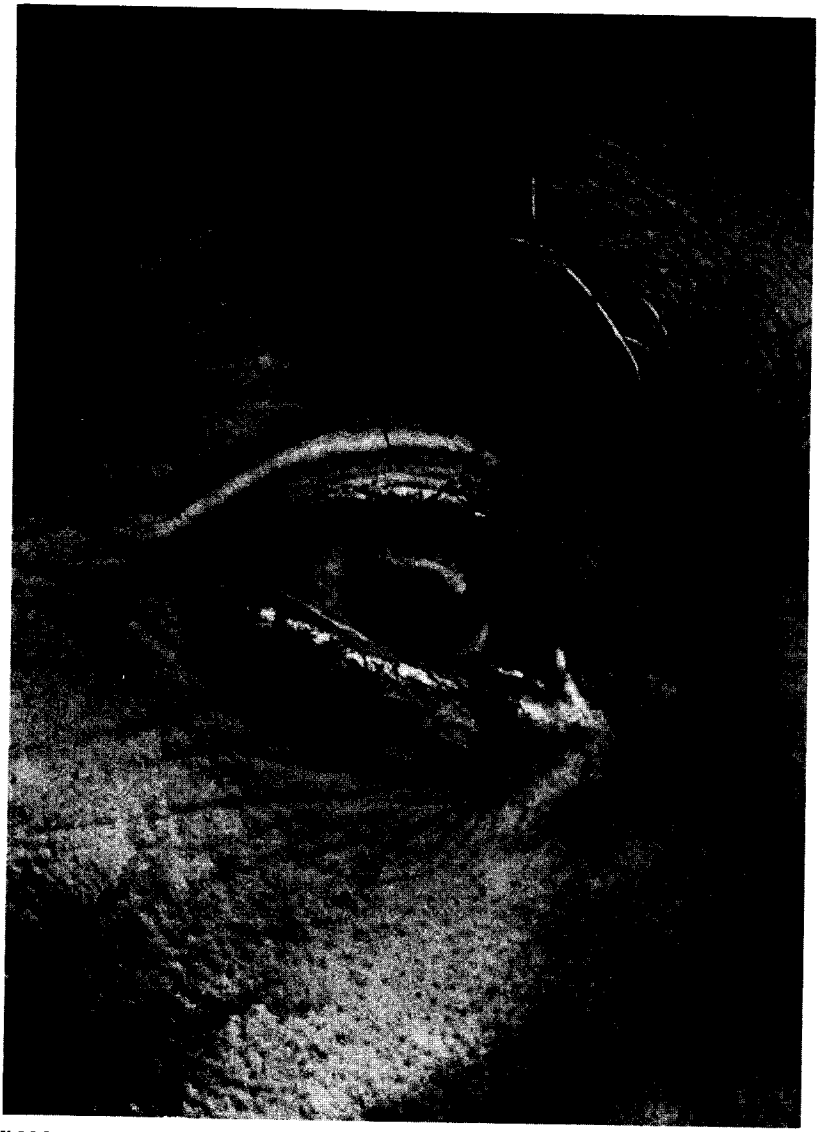

KOLLAR

PARIS

THE ULTIMATE CLOSE-UP

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STEPHEN HARRIS DOVER, MASS.

APPROACH OF DANGER

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EDWARD WESTON FROM BLACK STAR

FUNGUS

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MAX M. SCHUCKETT LOS ANGELES

STONE AGE

CORONET

132

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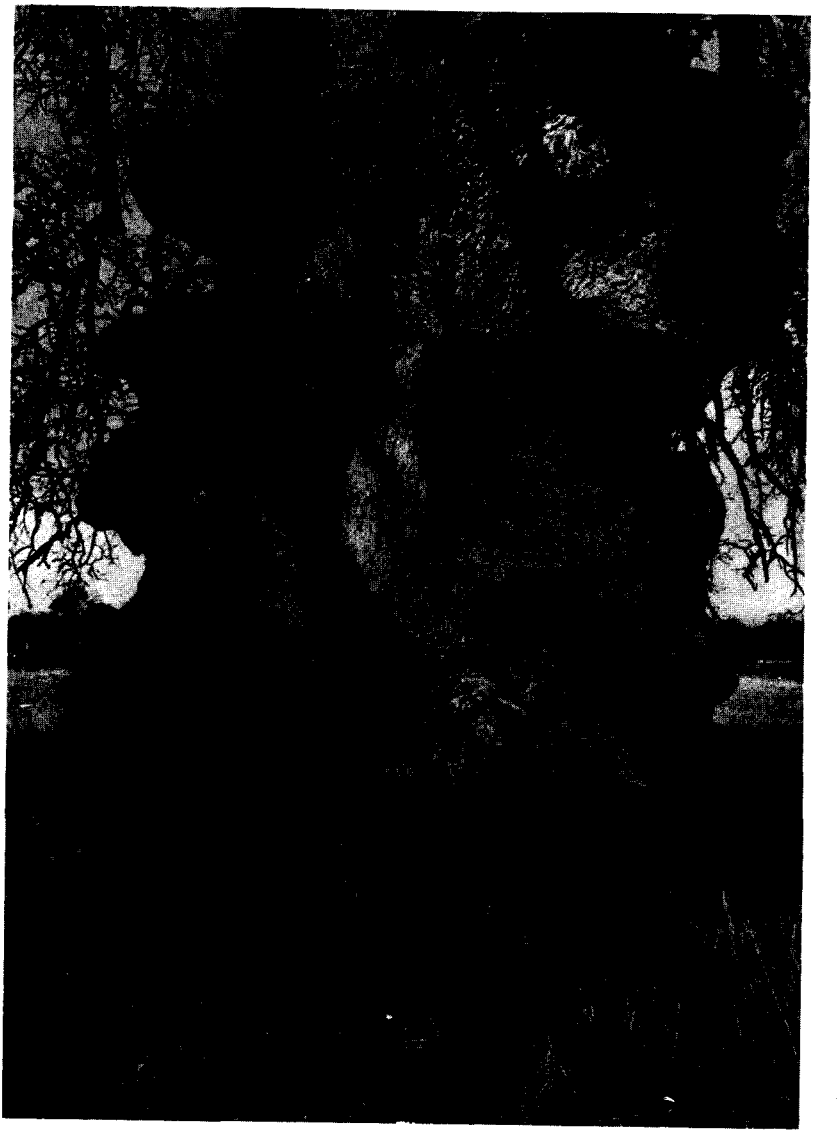

LLOYD G. INGLES DURHAM, CALIF.

GNARLED OAK

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MAURICE J. SCHLATTER PASADENA, CALIF.

MEAL TIME

CORONET

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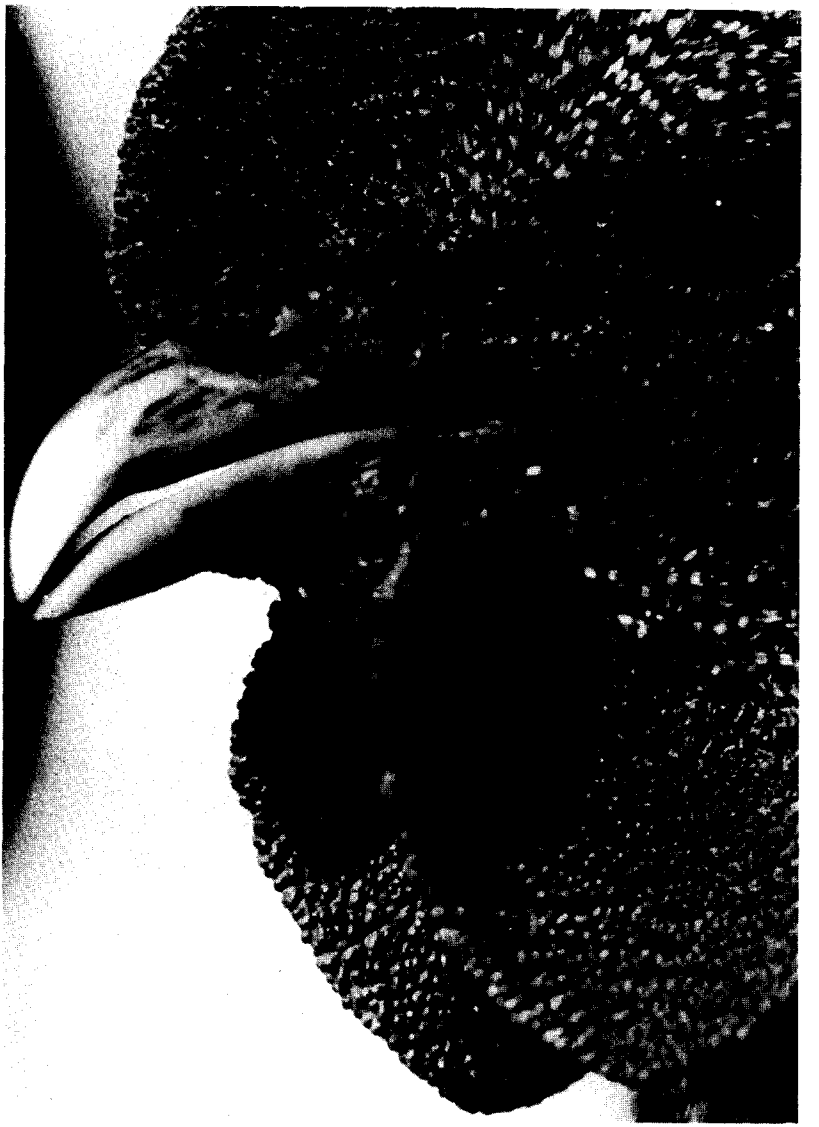

GORDON S. CAMPBELL

OGDEN, UTAH

BARNYARD BOSS

MAY, 1937

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DR. PAUL WOLFF FROM BLACK STAR

FERN BUDS UNROLLED

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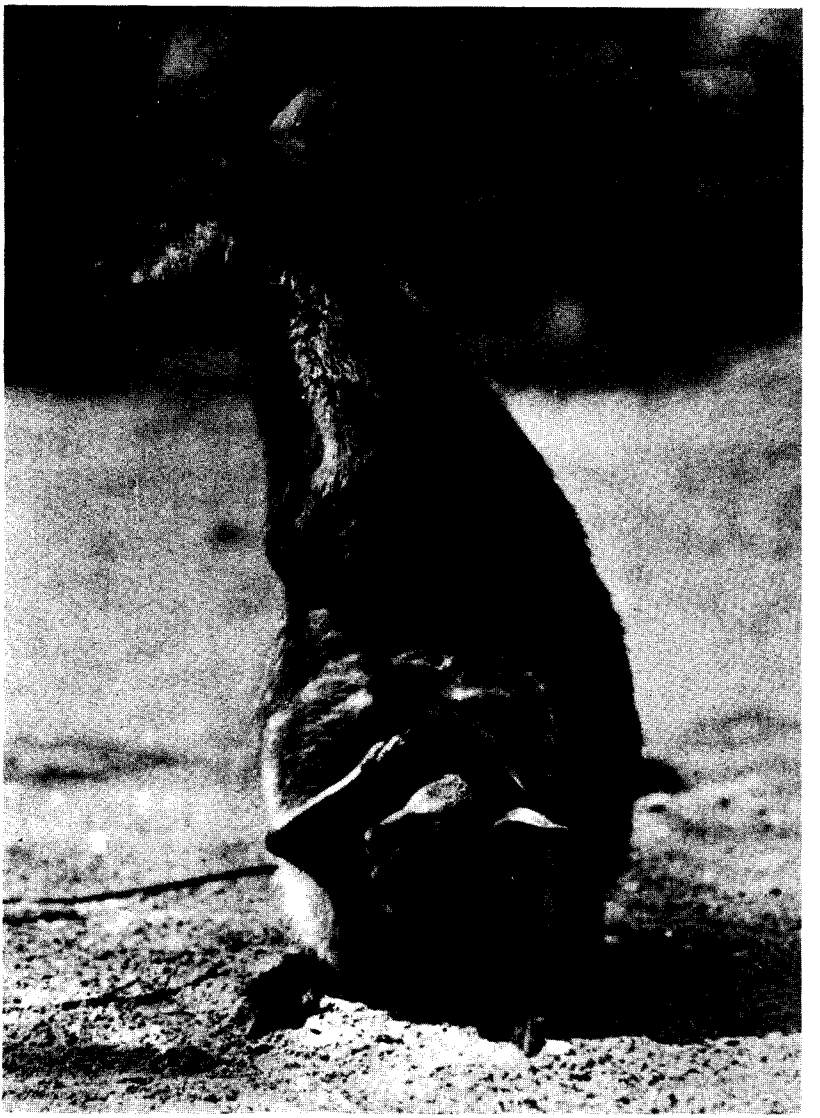

SEIDENSTÜCKER, BERLIN FROM BLACK STAR

THE FIRST PRAM

MAY, 1937

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STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO

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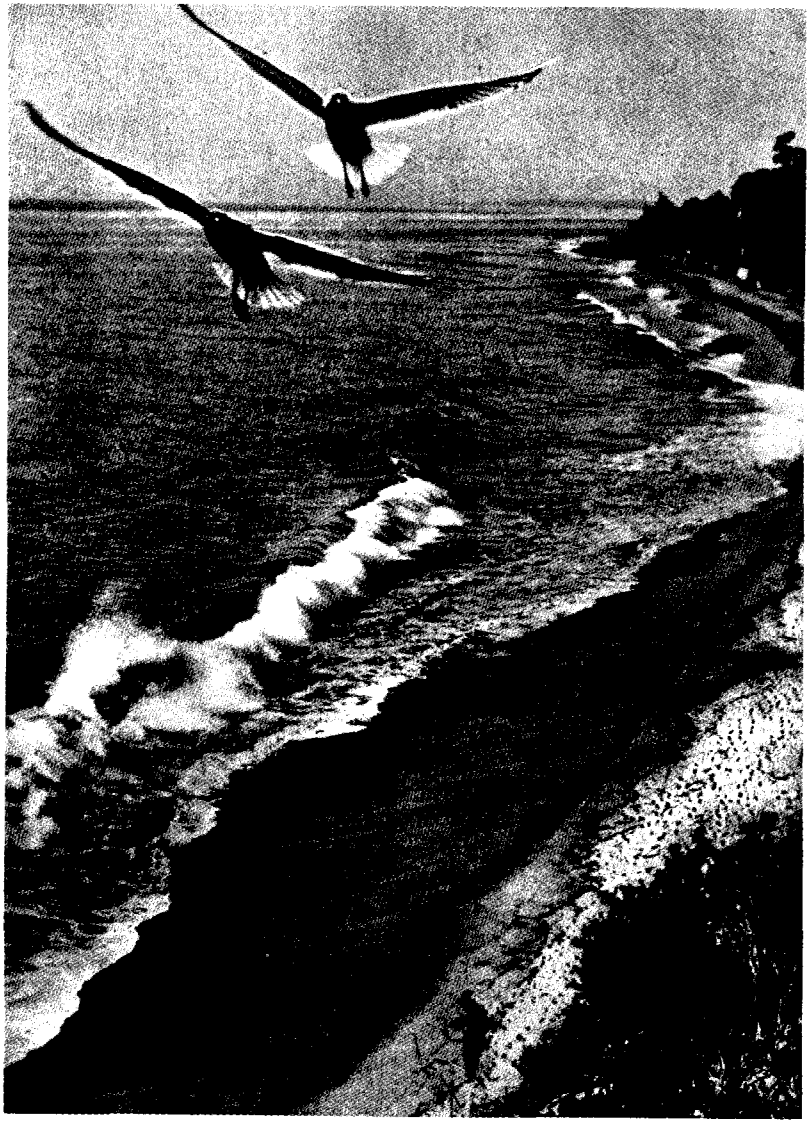

JACK BARSBY BEVERLY HILLS

BEACHCOMBERS

MAY, 1937

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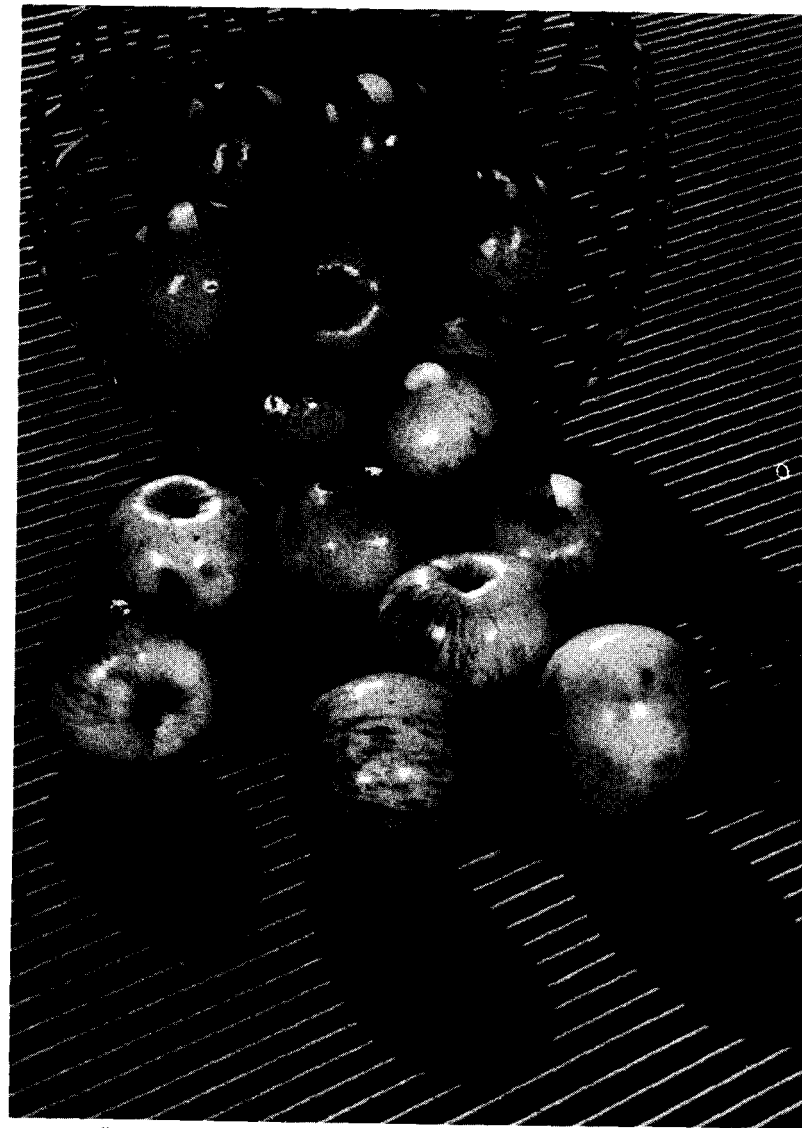

MARIA MÜLLER BUDAPEST

STILL LIFE

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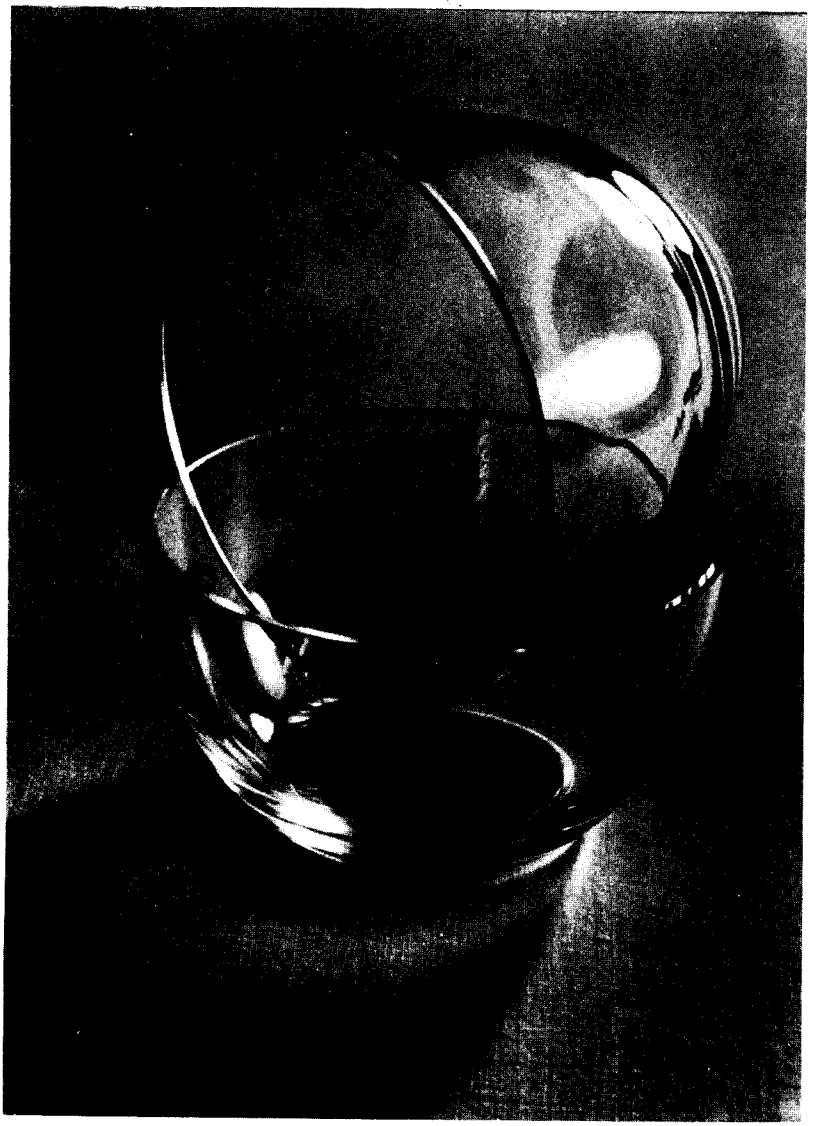

KÁROLY KLETZ — MISKOLC, HUNGARY

ARRANGEMENT

MAY, 1937

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WHY THEY CONFESS

THE TSAR'S COURTS DID BY ACCIDENT
WHAT THE BOLSHEVIKS DO BY DESIGN

THE Soviet "treason" trials have baffled the most brilliant newspaper correspondents. As one of them admitted in my presence in the Autumn of 1936 in Moscow: "No world event has ever been as badly reported as the Soviet trials. We were all at a complete loss regarding them." All observers have "theories," all are convinced about the motives of the "producers" of, as well as the "performers" in, the trials. But no two observers can agree conclusively. As time goes on, the mystery deepens. It is further entangled by the accusations Trotzky and his friends have been launching at Stalin and his adherents. Were the Old Bolsheviks tried and convicted on basis of a "frameup?" Or was there a genuine plot? If so, why was no material evidence produced? If there was no plot, why did the accused condemn themselves? The confessions of the prisoners always form the core of the argument.

The history of Russia during the 19th Century was punctuated by great political trials. The Decembrists in 1825, the trials of the "32" in the 60's, lasting two years; the trial of the would-be assassin, and later on the actual murderers, of Alexander II; the trial of the "193" and the "50" in the 70's; later the trials of Dostoevski and of Prince Kropotkin; to mention only the most notorious, exercised the minds of all thinking Russians. On the benches of the accused sat men and women who were willing to risk their very lives to bring freedom to the sorely tried Russian people. In the 60's of the last century the harshness and the reaction of the Tsarist authorities graduany convinced them that peaceful ta could not get them to their goal. T... decided to answer terror by terror. Then the political murders began. The trials of their perpetrators were the sensations of the second half of the 19th Century.

In 1878 a young girl, called Vera Zassulitch, shot General Trepov. She was tried publicly by jury. Her case resounded from one end of the world to the other. It happened to coincide with the Congress of Berlin. Yet the newspapers of the day carried headlines not about the speeches of Bis-

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rck and Lord Beaconsfield, but ut the scenes that took place in the rtroom of St. Petersburg. Vera sulitch justified her action by the stly treatment meted out to polital prisoners. She said in open court t she decided to kill Trepov beuse he had ordered the flogging of a end of hers called Bogolubov, a olitical prisoner awaiting trial. All he witnesses who appeared testified such unspeakable conditions in the isons of Russia, that very soon it came evident that not Vera Zasulitch, but her accusers stood on rial. Vera Zassulitch was pronounced t guilty by the unanimous verdict the jury. She fled the country with help of friends the same night, seeing that the verdict would be ested, and found safety in Switland.

Vera Zassulitch was one of many ed. The trials of all of them had feature in common: they used the urt as a means of venting their evances—grievances shared by all lightened citizens of Russia. During ose days of Tsarist oppression, when e censorship forbade all manner of ee speech, the courtroom had beme the only avenue of open propaanda.

The Bolsheviks, thus called since 03, descendants of the Revolutionies of the 19th Century, profited imensely by the publicity accorded to e political trials of their forbears. obody could have realized more utely than they that inadvertently the Tsarist government had forged a weapon for its opponents when in 1877 it had decided to allow open trials, and reports of them in the newspapers. Each trial was followed by a wave of revolutionary activities, as dissatisfied men and women in all parts of Old Russia woke up to the fact that somebody was working for them. No one could read a speech like that of Jeliabov, the murderer of Alexander II, without being deeply impressed: "Let me sum up: my aim, the aim of my life has been to work for the happiness of the community. I followed a pacific path for a long time; but later I was forced to turn to violence. With my convictions I would have abandoned this latter form of struggle only too willingly had there been but the slightest possibility of succeeding by peaceful means."

It was the sympathy felt for the motives of the revolutionaries which induced innumerable Russian intellectuals to help them, to provide them with food and shelter, with money and advice, when they were tracked by the Tsarist police. It was owing to these friends that hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of revolutionary pamphlets and seditious publications reached Russia. The protest voiced by the "Terrorist Brigade" at the murder of President Garfield, denouncing violence in a free country with a constitutional government, further attracted a number of elements who otherwise would have shrunk

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with horror from terroristic actions.

The Bolshevik Revolution was carried out by men who were absolute realists. Whatever one feels about Lenin, one cannot deny him the greatness of a person who knew exactly what he wanted, and who could always adapt himself to circumstances. He and his followers learned from the mistakes of the Tsarist régime. As their government took the shape of the dictatorship of a minority—Lenin compared the rule of 130,000 landowners of Tsarist days to that of 240,000 members of the Bolshevik Party when he came to power—they had to fall back upon the same methods of censorship, terror, intimidation, forcible elimination of opponents, as their predecessors had employed. The "Tcheka," later called "G.P.U.," now the "Commissariat of the Interior" were in no mood to tolerate any opponent of theirs gaining advantages by free publicity.

This is even more the case since Stalin is at the helm. After Lenin's death he set about with Asiatic cunning to realize his interpretation of "Communism." In his view it spelled Collectivism, that is, state-ownership of the means of production, coupled with inequality of income and status, with the re-establishment of personal private property and its inheritance. Its method is: order and efficiency. In practice these mean: terror and regimentation.

When Stalin, in the course of realizing his program, struck upon opposition, he did not hesitate befor stamping it out. One after another th true-blue Old Bolsheviks were herde before Soviet Tribunals. But thei trials were better "stage-managed' than those of old days. The prese political culprits are not allowed t reap sympathy from the masses o Russia.

The first time this was proved wa at the trial of Boris Savinkov. N more amazing career could be imag ined. From his earliest youth he be lieved in the necessity of saving Rus sia from Tsarist autocracy, and o establishing a constitutional govern ment. For the sake of freedom Savin kov became the most daring and th most dangerous terrorist of pre-wa Russia. The number of political mur ders in which he was implicated i legion. He was only once caught b the Tsarist police, and then manage to escape in the most cold-bloode manner. It seemed as though n frontier, no law, no wall, and no loc existed for that small, unassuming looking man. When the Bolshevik came to power, he suffered the great est disillusion of his life: he could fin no sign of freedom in Russia. In fac the political terror became greate than ever. He then turned again the Revolution: it was he who pu the revolver into the hand of Dor Kaplan, with which she fired at Le in, wounding him grievously. Sh was arrested and executed. Bor Savinkov, however, eluded the Bolshe viki and managed to flee to Pari

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The Bolsheviks feared him more ıan anyone else, even in Paris, with- ıt funds, with practically no friends. Ieanwhile he was growing more and ore desperate, losing faith in the hite Russians. In 1923 a Commu- st emissary approached him and id before him a plan to return to ussia, telling him that the ground as ripe for a new wave of terrorism gainst the Bolshevik leaders. Savin- v walked into the trap. He came Russia in company of two friends. t Minsk he was arrested by the local ad of the G.P.U.

From the prison of the Soviet Se- et Police there was no escape. Savin- v took up the thread with some of s old companions, now officials in gh positions. He sought work, prom- ng to co-operate loyally. The head the G.P.U., the notorious Dzer- ıski, interceded for him. The only ance offered to Boris was a full and tailed confession, containing the mes of all his accomplices. Savin- v wrote it. He understood the bar- in to be death or freedom. Mr. alter Duranty attended his trial. heard his self-accusations, his sub- tion to the new masters of Russia. ıen the verdict was death by the ng squad—but with a recommen- tion for mercy, Duranty thought h Savinkov that he had won. For econd, Boris's dark eyes lit up with ightning-like spark. His sentence s commuted to life-long imprison- nt. This was supposed to mean edom at a near date. But both Savinkov and Duranty had been wrong. Savinkov was never freed. His more and more desolate letters were not even deemed worthy of answers by the Soviet officials. Eventually he committed suicide in prison. He threw himself from a third-floor window. Or at least so the official report said.

It is the common feature of all Soviet trials that all the accused compete with each other in confessing to the most heinous crimes: terror, treason, violence. According to well-informed observers the men tried are not the only ones arrested. Many thousands have been shot without public hearing. It is a logical inference, that there must be a connection between a public trial and the willingness of the accused to revile themselves and their comrades. In the Zinoviev trial I. N. Smirnow was not prepared to admit that he had planned terrorist actions. His co-accused outdid themselves in implicating him. Did he miss his part? One wonders.

Besides, since the murder of S. M. Kirov, Stalin's friend and collaborator, by a fellow Bolshevik on the 1st of December, 1934, a law was passed which enables the Soviet government to make short shrift of plotters and traitors. According to the Lex Kirov, 2nd of December, 1934, terrorists can be tried by a Special Executive, without defense lawyers. This tribunal can accept no petition for mercy, and its verdict has to be carried out within 10 hours. It is impossible to certify

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how often the Lex Kirov has been applied. But in the cases of the Old Bolsheviks, tried for the cumulative sins of terror, plotting, and treason, no advantage was taken of it. Can it be because, in that case, there would have been no public performance, thus no means of destroying by their own confessions the last vestiges of respect harbored for the plotters?

It is a further problem how these men are induced to confess with such vigor. Personally, I do not believe that the threat of torture, or even the potential reprisals affecting their relatives, is a sufficient explanation. Professional revolutionaries, who have faced death innumerable times in Tsarist days and during the Civil War, cannot be disposed of so simply.

One explanation may be found in the speech of the Public Prosecutor at the time of the Zinoviev trial, who said according to the shorthand notes of one of the correspondents: "If in view of the war danger, and in view of the influence you still wield with the rank and file, you will not help us, then there is no hope for you. But if you prove yourself before the court as heroic men, and if you disarm yourself completely by true confessions, then—maybe—you can be saved." Freedom, perhaps, if they serve the Revolution on this vital occasion by vilifying themselves.

The Soviet report of the Zinoviev trial sings of another motif. Most of the accused mentioned "the history of the Revolution," "before the tribunal of history," "if I had not bee misled into committing these heino crimes, I might have gone down history," etc. The importance of t Revolution and its History seemed loom large in their eyes—as thou they had been convinced that by the confessions they were doing the Re olution a last service. In the face war danger—for the sake of the Re olution—in order to save their nam as Bolsheviks. Think of the heretics Middle Ages, who recanted at t last moment, to do the Church a s preme service, and to save their souls.

Some murmurs have been hea as to the actual fact of the executi of the condemned men. No real e dence is available at this date. T Soviet prisons do not hand over t bodies of their convicted and ex cuted political criminals to their fa ilies.

But it is known that the "sta perfomer in the Engineer's trial 1927, Professor Rhamzin, is still ali in spite of his death-sentence. A frie of mine met him last summer in t south of Russia, where he has a j with a very good salary. It is a known that one of the minor witnes of the Zinoviev trial was officially e ecuted two years previously. It is to be seen whether the morally an hilated "Trotzkyist traitors" will co physically to life at a future da They served their purpose in adv tising, instead of themselves, the clusive greatness of the Stalin régi

—The Countess of Listov

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THE WORLD LAUGHS

HE HAD A HAPPY LIFE UNTIL HE TRIED TO TELL IT TO THE WORLD

"WHAT is the charge then?" asked the magistrate.

He looked at the little man in the ock. He was wearing a new brown it, a brown derby jammed down on ie side of his head. His hands rested ı the rail. They were large, strong nds. Looking at him the magistrate v a man about five foot six in ight, narrow-shouldered, a lean face at now wore a sort of puckish ex- ession.

"The charge is being drunk and sorderly, holding up the traffic, car- ing a banner ten times as big as nself, and across this banner were tched the following words: LORD! 'E HAD A HAPPY LIFE. I arrested n as I considered him a danger to : public peace."

"Where is this flag or banner? ive it brought here at once," thun- red the magistrate. He looked at : man in the dock once more, and ain it was those large, strong hands ıt attracted his attention.

The officer returned carrying a g pole at the end of which was led the bunting. "Open it, I mean furl it for the court to see."

"Yes sir!" The officer raised the pole above his head, shook it and the bunting freed itself. "Good Lord! The flag's as big as a street." It blew lazily about now under the draught from the open window. Yes. Every- thing was correct. There was the flag, almost as big as the courtroom, and there too for all to see were the words stitched across its white surface in thread of brightest gold. LORD! I'VE HAD A HAPPY LIFE.

Everybody stared at it, everybody excepting the little man. It seemed to him that this flag once a beacon was now nothing more than a damp squib. Somehow those curious eyes ravaged it, robbed it of purpose, its virginal essence. The magistrate looked across at him and said sharply, "Now we'll hear what you have to say in answer to the charge. Stand up straight. Only half the court can see you, little man. What is your name? I did not catch the officer's words before."

"Harry Bones."

"What is your profession?"

"Driver."

"You drive a car?"

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"A heavy truck, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Fifty-eight, sir."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, sir. I've a wife and five children."

"All right. Proceed. Silence in the court there."

Everybody now looked across at the little man. He had raised his hands, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his vest. There was something casual, even indifferent about his demeanor.

"Well sir, it's like this. I gets up every morning at half-past six, has my breakfast and goes off to work. I come home at six o'clock. I has my tea, but while I'm having it my missus comes to me waving a paper and she says, 'Have you seen the paper, Harry?' Course I says no, which I haven't, and she puts the paper down and then goes off to put the children to bed. And I go on with my tea. But suddenly there's my missus down again and at me with the same question, 'Have you seen the paper?' I get pretty angry then and I say, 'No. Aren't deaf, are you? I haven't seen any bloody paper.' Everything would be all right if it stopped there, but human beings being curious, well I put my foot in it, and I say, 'No. Why?' And she says, 'They say there's going to be a war soon.' I say, 'Oh! Let me see, yesterday there was a revolution in Iceland, and Australia has gone into mourning because they lost the Test Match, and what was that about the New Party just started You know. You wear a yellow shi and carry a canary colored flag an you sing, 'You can't fool me.' Dam I wonder if anybody ever laughs i this quacking world."

"Silence in the court. Go on, litt man. Proceed with your story."

"I didn't sleep last night when went to bed. I kept thinking of the things. The world has a funny sort crack in it. And you don't have t read any paper, sir, to find that ou Only yesterday morning when I w going off to my work I saw Jac Burns, he lives next door to me, I was going to work too. I said, 'Mor ing Jack. Lovely morning, isn't it He said, dry like, 'Is it?' And furth along I saw a woman cleaning h windows and she had a face it look like the raised map of Misery itse I never said good-morning to h though I know her well; I thought s might just bark at me like a dog. B that's not all. There are some peop in our street and I reckon if they ev do smile their faces'll crack. So I sa to myself, 'Damn what a lousy wor Now what's the matter with it? Y open your newspaper of a morni or an evening, if you are one w wants to see which way the worl staggering, and what is it? Five m utes loud yell in the headlines a then it's just good enough to put in t toilet box.' I said to meself, I sa 'Blime me, I don't understand.' I not an ignorant man, sir. I understa what a flag means and why peo

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ave them. Everybody waves flags, ll colors. Everybody belongs to mething, even in the Salvation you ave a red and black flag because ou must hate sin. But now there are so many damn flags, it's a mix-up. ut that isn't the point. The point is ıy missus believes everything she ads and all these damn flag-wavers ave because they hate, the whole nfounded world is full of hate, but isn't even genuine any more. People ıst hate, look sour or sad because it's ıe damn fashion, they don't know hy they hate, they just wave the ag. My missus says, 'Well some are ise and some are cunning too.' I ever could get what she meant by at. But to get back to my point. A an hates arsenic because it's rank ison, but this other hate is different, ecause it's not definite, it has no cus, it's a dangerous, lazy hate. So I id to myself, 'Well, I'll make a flag my own. I'll make a flag as big as a reet, a flag that has no poisonous ubstance on it like all these other ags, a clean white flag, yes sir!' I en hoped I might be able to make a ag that I could wave all over the orld. Well sir, you see the flag. ou think it's white, but it isn't actly, it's just the color of Laughter, ıd those words are my own. I spent ours and hours stitching them on at there flag. And I said to to myself, I said, 'Damn, when I leave work ll get drunk, drunk as a Lord, and ll wave this flag all over the street. nd I'll wave those words which are my words and in which I believe for I have had a happy life.' My kids are the nicest kids you ever seen, and my missus makes the best pies in our street. And I like a drink too, and a good chew of hard stuff. So I went straight to the bar and I got drunk. Absolutely blotto. And I laughed, yes sir, and you'd've laughed too, seeing all those people looking at me, sour-faced, sly, worried, all gazing at me as though I were crazy. I wasn't though, I was just drunk as a Lord, and I was happy as Larryo. Yes, sir. And I said, 'Look here, people, have a drink on me. I'm not a millionaire, but one drink at least will melt those hard faces of yours. You're half dead and you don't know it.' But they wouldn't, no sir. They just sat there talking, drinking that beer like it was slow poison. So I picked up my flag and I went out and I carried it high in the air through every street on my way home, and I shouted at the top of my voice, 'Lord! I've had a happy life. Come on, laugh you lazy devils, laugh, forget everything and laugh. Laugh loud, laugh deep, let everybody hear you laugh, let the world hear it, because laughter like fever is infectious,' and if those damn fools had done what I'd said why sir, the whole world would have been laughing by now, stead of all this damn sourness. And when I came to the street back of mine, all the traffic stopped and more and more people stared at me, like I was a loony just escaped, or like a monkey. Yes sir, they all stared, be-

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wildered, they muttered to themselves, wondered what had happened. Maybe it was so long since they laughed they'd clean forgot *how* to laugh. Then this officer here, he comes up to me and says, 'What the hell? !'

"There we were stood in the middle of this crowd which was increasing now. So I said, 'All right officer, I ain't committing no crime, just showing these silly fools how to laugh. It's so long since they laughed the works have broke down.' I'll say this for him though that he did laugh himself, didn't you, officer?"

"Silence in court, please."

"But not for long. He wasn't laughing genuine as I know now, he was just laughing, looking at me as though my name were John Simple 'stead of plain Harry Bones. I said to him, I said. 'Look here officer, it surely can't be a crime in a powerful State to get drunk, least of all to wave a flag and try and make people laugh. Goddamn we're all alive I hope.' He said, 'Nuts.' I said to myself, here it is again, the failure to understand. He don't care a goddamn, just says 'Nuts.' 'I'm a peaceful man myself, officer,' I said. 'You can't put Laughter on the State's crime-list.' He said a peculiar thing then. 'Aw,' he said. 'You think you're clever. But all you're doing here is holding up the goddamn traffic.' That was his mistake. For I'm not clever, never have thought myself clever, I'm just an ordinary man. I said to him, 'See here officer,' I said, 'the clever people cackle so loudly in this world that a simple man can't be heard a all. How about that? Got any ide in that head of yours on the matter He got all furious then. 'Think I' going to stand here listening to a loo Come along with me to the stati house. What you want is war blankets and ice on your head. Tal it easy.' I just laughed. But sudden I was afraid. Terribly afraid. And thought, Good God! They'll thi I'm cracked, just because I wanted wake the silly bloody world up ar make it laugh, even if only for a da so I said. 'Well officer, I'm quite wi ing to go home quietly, it's you ar not me who's holding people up. Y know what people are like these day Sullen and impatient, suspicious a mean.' Now I'll go home. My miss will have my tea ready, and I bet a money she'll say, 'Have you seen t paper today?' and before I can ge word in she'll rap out, 'Have y heard that in Germany it is no long a crime for a man to steal a loaf bread?' Well blime me, I'll just ha to say to her, 'Missus, listen to th I just read it in the paper. 'All t wise are dead, and peculiar thing they've turned into stone, and t cunning are now sharpening th knives on them.' But I'll wave r banner sir, for I believe in it, and th say that in three quarters of the wo a powerful black rag has been stu into Laughter's mouth and - - - an

"Take that man below for medi examination," barked the magistra

—James Hanl

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GREAT GREEN TURTLE

HOW NATIVES CAPTURE MANSIZE TURTLES OFF THE BARRIER REEF

DE ROUGEMENT, traveler and journalist, wrote in his chronicles hat the coastal waters of Australia bounded with turtles large enough to e *ridden for sport* by aborigines. Victorian readers compared this "journalistic hoax" with the works of Baron Munchausen. Aside from a slight exggeration, De Rougement was right.

On the Great Barrier Reef of Australia there are turtles that weigh 250 ounds and upwards. Though these nonsters are not commonly substituted for outboard motor boats, there re expert turtle-riders. More important is the fact that the turtle is a staple ood, regarded as a cow that is also a en. Of course, turtle soup is an accepted delicacy throughout the world. But the turtle of this region supplies eal-like cutlets and roasts, calf-like ver, and lays eggs that have a rich, utty flavor.

The Great Barrier Reef, varying in idth from 30 to 150 miles, is a chain f coral reefs that extends for 1500 iles from Bundaberg to New Guinea. Between the Barrier and the mainland s a great lagoon known as the Grand Canal, which is studded with thousands of islands. This region is a perfect environment for three varieties of turtle: loggerhead (*Thalassochelys caretta*), a fish and mollusk eater, rank of taste and unhunted; hawksbill (*Chelone imbricata*), whose armor is commercial tortoise shell worth $20 and up to any Japanese trader, and the green (*Chelone mydas*), the "cow-hen."

Evidently no writer can describe the Great Green Turtle with strict veracity. Edward J. Banfield, whose *The Confessions of a Beachcomber* lured me to the Tropical North, claims that the island blacks used to catch turtles with tethered sucker fish (*Echeneis remora*) that glue their vacuum suction plates to the bellies of passing turtles, dugongs and sharks. With a length of bark rope tied around their tails, sucker fish were used by the aborigines as marine falcons, questing instinctively for turtles.

Here are Banfield's own unabashed words:

"As soon as the sucker has attached itself to the turtle, a slight pull is given and the startled turtle makes a rush, the line being eased out smartly. Then sport of the kind that a salmon-fisher

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enjoys when he has hooked a forty-pounder begins. The turtle goes as he pleases; but when he begins to tire, he finds that there is a certain check—slow, steady, never-ceasing. The turtle bobs up to the surface for a gulp of air, and should he catch sight of the occupants of the canoe, his start and sudden descent may result in such a severe tug that the sucker is divorced. But the blacks watch, and in their experience judge to a nicety when and where the turtle may rise; telegrams along the line from the sucker give precise information. They crouch low on their knees in the canoe as the game emerges with half-shut eyes and dives again without having ascertained the cause of the trifling annoyance to which he is being subjected. The line is shortened up. Perhaps the turtle sulks among the rocks and coral, and endeavors to free himself from the sucker by rubbing against boulders. Knowing all the wiles and maneuvers, the blacks play the game accordingly, and hour after hour may pass, they giving and taking the line with fine skill and utmost patience. The turtle has become accustomed to the encumbrance, and visits the surface oftener for air. One of the harpoons is raised, and as the turtle gleams grey, a couple of fathoms or so under the water, the canoe is smartly paddled whence it will emerge, and before it can come to the surface to get a mouthful of air the barbed point, with a strong line attached to it, is sticking a couple of inches deep in its shoulder.

"I have known blacks, after harpooning a turtle, to be towed six miles out to sea before it came their turn to do the towing. How they accomplish the feat of securing a turtle that may weigh a couple of hundred-weight from a frail bark canoe, in which a white man can scarcely sit and preserve his balance, is astonishing."

During my experience as a beachcomber on Lindeman Island, I found that the native technique was no longer in vogue. Indeed, the turtle spearsman, Dick, the Torres Strait boy, a former pearl-shell diver, who now aspires to be a Pullman car porter in America, laughed heartily at the suggestion of sucker fishes.

"Meat get low," said Dick, "so we hunt turtle tomorrow morning. Me show how catchem."

Dick called me at five o'clock the next morning. It was misty. "Might rain," said Dick. "Good morning for turtle."

Loch, the young Australian islander rowed Dick and me in the dinghy out to the auxiliary launch *Aladdin*, anchored outside the fringing reef. As we chugged down Kennedy Sound we munched buttered biscuits and drank our morning tea.

East of Shaw Island we anchored off Kayser Island. Dick tested his turtle-spear—a 10-foot pole with a socket that held a three-pronged barb stapled to a 75-coil of half-inch rope. He sharpened the prongs. Loch carefully muffled the oar locks of the dinghy with pieces of an old sweater

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We pushed off from the launch in he dinghy. Dick stood in the bow vith his spear at rest. Fifty yards from he *Aladdin*, Dick, squinting his amber yes, whispered excitedly:

"Turtle come now."

Loch bent to the oars. In the disance a reptilian head, held awkwardy high, bobbed along the surface vaves and then sank suddenly.

"Too bad," said Dick. "Turtle live."

Within the space of half an hour we aw four other turtles just as wary as he first. The trick of turtle hunting s to be close at hand, within spearing listance, when the quarry comes up or air. There was a splash, hard by, o the left. The head of a turtle merged. Double-lidded lizard eyes taring, wheezing asthmatically, the urtle with its huge yellow-green body nagnified by a foot of water seemed a uge other-world monster.

Loch swung the dinghy into favorble spearing position. Tensely Dick rouched at the bow, sighting down he length of his spear at the retreating carapace of the turtle. Having illed its lungs noisily, the turtle upnded its shell for a dive.

Dick hurled his spear, leaping out f the dinghy to follow through to the nark. All of his weight was required o drive the three prongs into the subnerging carapace of the Great Green Turtle. The coiled rope, playing out apidly, had looped around the spearsnan's ankle. The force of the spear rove the turtle under, huge flippers churning, showing the pale yellow of its belly plates.

The dinghy spun dizzily above the spot where man and turtle sank. The heavy spear shaft—minus the three-pronged head now lodged in the turtle's shell—was the first thing to float to the surface, and I pulled it into the dinghy. Rope slipped over the gunwale. By now the turtle had reached bottom and was trying to scrape off the barb on the coral reef. I worried about Dick. If he was still tangled in the line, he would be hauled over the rocks and coral below, or he might fall into the razor jaws of a 200-pound clam that can snap a steel anchor cable.

At last Dick's black head appeared above the water.

"I almost drown," he gasped, laughing. He clambered into the dinghy. "I think me dead boy. Rope catchem ankle, pull me way, way down alonga reef." There was a pink raw spot on Dick's black shin where the rope had rasped.

As the dinghy slewed from side to side, Dick manned the rope, pulling it taut to estimate the depth of the game. The struggling turtle submarined, the boat careened to the right, and Dick fed out more rope.

"He almost get free then," Dick cried. "Now he come topside."

He reeled in rope, a yard at a pull. The turtle, coming up for air, appeared above the surface, its mouth with rudimentary vegetarian teeth gasping for air to fill its bursting lungs. The reptilian eyes, saucer-wide with terror,

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were glazed. Sobbing pitiably, the turtle struck out, its flipper crashing against the gunwale. Loch caught the "armpit" of the right flipper—Dick, the left; and, with its huge oblate body clumsily rolling in the swell, the Great Green Turtle was helpless. The captive was shifted to the stern.

Dick rowed. Beside the *Aladdin* Loch tightened a noose around each of the front flippers, securing the ropes to the stern mast of the launch. The turtle grunted sympathetically, as the three of us strained on the flipper ropes. At length the belly plates slipped far enough over the side for us to tilt the turtle onto the deck. Loch estimated that our turtle, a female and "good eating," weighed more than 250 pounds. The curve of her carapace from head to tail measured 5 feet 4 inches.

High, dry and helpless on the deck, the turtle sighed resignedly. She exhaled the musty antediluvian, not unpleasant, aroma of a creature that had lived on a strictly vegetarian diet of sea-weed and anemones for fifty, a hundred years, or—who knows?—ever since Captain Cook sailed up Whitsunday Passage on his circumnavigation of Australia in 1770.

The turtle was photographed, for my benefit, and then butchered. The flippers made a rich brown purée, a gourmet's dream. Other turtle soup is tasteless in comparison with this essence. Another delicacy is turtle liver, blacker and finer in texture than calves' liver. Roast turtle was like coarse veal, but there was a certai subtle aromatic overtone, the specifi flavor of turtle that suggests anothe age. At first a dinner of turtle puré baked seasoned turtle with mang chutney, and fried turtle liver is a d light. Within three days the flavor pall

Later another turtle that weighe about 150 pounds came ashore, leav ing a track that might have bee made by the caterpillar tread of miniature tank. The turtle reconno tered a turfed knoll and solemn returned to the water, disappointin those of us who hoped to see the spec tacular ceremony of egg-laying.

"Don't worry," said Dick. "She b back in three days."

And sure enough, on a rainy afte noon three days later, the turtle r turned. Romance was over. The bu turtle with whom she had swun coupled for three days, kept to th sanctuary of the blue lagoon, whil she made her maternal pilgrimage.

Now and then she paused for breath as she laboriously climbed to her cho sen maternity ward, the grass-tufte knoll. Instinctively she knew the kno was high enough above water lev for safety and sunlight.

She was indifferent toward the en tire population of the island that ha turned out to act as her midwives. O top of the knoll she rested until he breath came evenly. Then she bega to move her four flippers, rhythm cally, in breast stroke motion.

After 15 minutes she was satisfie with her nest. Then her back flippe

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ent into motion. A female turtle's ack flipper is prehensile, capable of ne muscular control, and curved inard like a man's hand. Two of these ppendages made a perfectly articuted sand-digging machine that orked steadily and effectively. In anher 15 minutes she had excavated hole, two feet deep and ten inches diameter. Her back flippers braced n the sides of the clutch, she rested. Her poised carapace became tense. hat might have been mistaken for tail, the egg depositor, extended nto the hole. It became distended at ne orifice, secreting a transparent brication fluid. The first egg, perctly round, fell into the hole. In enty minutes she laid fifty eggs. This eant that she was a young matron; ere are as many as 200 eggs to a utch.

She lay quiet for a full two minutes, eathing sighs of relief. Then she gan to camouflage her eggs, her ack flippers working with marvelous xterity. Once the right flipper enountered a rock. For a time the left pper worked alone, putting enough nd into the clutch to cushion the gs against the fall of the rock.

She had filled the clutch and now e patted the surface with her flatned flippers. Presently the front ppers, which had braced her heavy dy into position for the laying, went to motion. Sand flew in all directions. aftily she changed the topography the knoll; it was difficult for those us who had witnessed the actual laying to mark the spot where to dig for the turtle eggs.

Her duty done, she wearily made tracks back to the water.

The turtle had abandoned her clutch to be hatched by the hot tropical sun. Within six weeks the baby turtles would burrow out of the clutch —provided, of course, that the eggs had not been eaten by reptilian goannas or human beachcombers. When the hatched turtles swarm for the water, sea-birds swoop down and pick off half their number. The survivors reach the water where, until grown too hard and big for gulping, they are devoured wholesale by sharks and groupers. A small percentage of each clutch have the luck to survive and grow up to be hunted for the soup kettle.

We dug up ten of the eggs. They were soft to the touch like deflated ping-pong balls. Boiled, turtle eggs have a rich nutty flavor, though the whites never cook hard and white. Turtle eggs, I found, make quite acceptable sherry flips.

As yet the turtles of the Great Barrier Reef have not been commercially exploited. There may be a time when Australian businessmen see the possibilities in rendering turtle-oil for the cosmetic industry and in canning superlative turtle purée for the gourmets of the world. Until then the turtles will supply sport, soup, meat and eggs to the few inhabitants of the islands of the Grand Canal.

—W. P. Munger, Jr.

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INTERMEZZO AT IRUN

A GLIMPSE INTO A MACHINEGUN NEST AND INTO THE SOUL OF A LOYALIST

THERE are only three of us left in the blockhouse now, alive; me and Joaquin and the old man. We have one machine gun, plenty of rifles. Yesterday there was a man for every rifle. I am very sorry we were not more careful with the ammunition. The fool who fired the gun yesterday wasted enough to kill every Rebel this side of Burgos. Once, in Morocco, I have done the same thing myself, until I learned better, to use the gun like a rifle, as though every bullet were your last.

But that is forgotten now. A few hours this way or that, what does it matter? One fool is gone, another fool has taken his place.

Joaquin shoots like a demon. I have never seen him miss. It is well. The old man does enough missing for all of us. He strains to keep the rifle steady, his face crimson as a beet, but his hands tremble too much. When he misses he curses pitifully, like a child cheated out of a toy. Joaquin is a queer fellow. He has not uttered a single word in the three days we have spent together, yet I have grown to like him.

Ah, they come again! So many of them there are, there must be reinforcements. Carlists in red berets, soldiers still wearing their old uniform turbaned Moors. I start the machine gun. Its jolting feels good in my hand Joaquin is picking them off carefully always sending his shots where the will do the most good. Another machine gun couldn't be more helpful He fires steadily, automatically, without saying a word. Through the noise I can hear the old man cursing in his squeaky voice. I feel sorry for him. He is so eager to do some damage, and so impotent.

Coming closer, the Rebels crawl on their bellies. I drop my elevation to line with the ground and wait for their heads to come level with it. They are veterans, these. One of them stands up. His arm goes back and swings clumsily, as a girl's does when she tries to throw a ball.

The grenade flies in a slow arc. I see that it will curve over our sandbags There is no time to think; I am too paralyzed even to fall on my face Nothing is more horrible than to see a bomb fall at your very feet.

Joaquin snatches it up. The explosion follows so quickly that I am not

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ıre whether it had actually left his ınd. I am blinded by the flying grit, ıt I keep the machine gun working ıtil I feel a hand on my shoulder. hey have withdrawn again, leaving hind a number of fresh corpses, me not more than ten meters away.

We sit down, Joaquin and I, and he kes cigarettes out of his pocket. They e twisted, they are not very clean, ıt they taste good after we once man-ge to light them. That takes a long ne because of the way our hands ake. For a little while we are dazed the narrowness of our escape. The uscles in my stomach ache as though ey have been plaited and knotted. ıen we think of the old man. I hold t a cigarette for him. But the gren-e was not entirely wasted. The old ın has no face.

He leans over the sandbags, lying top of the rifle which he could ver hold steady. I become violently k. After it passes we cover the old ın's body with a coat.

We sit listening to the Fascist artil-y in the north. I would like to talk Joaquin but I don't know how to gin. He smokes his cigarette, blow-s the smoke out through his nose, d if he is thinking about anything face doesn't show it. I have no ıoughts either; none that extend be-ıd the blockhouse. Yesterday was ferent. While we were waiting, still pefully, for the relief, I kept think-s about Maria and the pleasant lds around Murcia. I went mad arly, at the thought of never seeing her again. Something in my heart swelled and suffocated me with the desire to run away.

Now the boundaries of the world have crept up until the farthest rim is no more than a few hundred meters, the range of my machine gun. I am a different man. The man I used to be is dead, and I remember him only faintly, like a passing acquaintance, without interest or regret. Watching Joaquin's black-stubbled face gazing out through the sandbags, I have the feeling of being a spectator at a tire-some play.

The waiting gets on my nerves, and I putter around with the gun, making all sorts of needless adjustments. There is only one belt of cartridges left. Joa-quin starts to load the rifles and prop them in easy reach along the wall. Surprisingly, he smiles.

"We can give them one more re-ception, *amigo?*

"The warmest one yet," I reply.

We say no more. His features be-come a mask once again. It seems that those words have expressed all that we shall want to say to each other in this world.

The time drags. They are hanging back for armored cars or artillery. I hope it is not artillery. We shall die in any case, but we are playing a game where the object is to stay alive as long as possible.

Irun is burning. A cloud of black smoke rises straight into the sky, spreading out like a tattered umbrella. I wonder whether the Rebels have cap-

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tured the town by a flanking movement. We have another cigarette. The smoke feels warm and good. I exhale slowly, letting it curl from my lips up into my nostrils. A cigarette always seems to be associated somehow with comfort, with a glass of wine in a friend's house.

It is chilly here. A soft, icy rain falls. My machine gun is cold and wet. water drips from the handles. The afternoon passes miserably. Why don't they attack?

Nearly evening, now. At last! All Moors this time, firing deliberately as they crawl. I hold my fire in order to make every shot count. Not because I feel any hatred for these savages, any indignation that their masters have loosed them upon my country. It is military efficiency, utterly disconnected from emotion.

Joaquin picks up his first rifle. He fires as rapidly as he can press the trigger. I give them a few short bursts to keep them busy, but they fire steadily, and the bullets come through the big hole where the grenade blew away our sandbags. They sound like gnats ripping past, but they are gnats that will tear your brains out if you get in the way. You are in a trance, fighting this kind of a fight. Every atom of intelligence, of energy, is concentrated with aching intensity upon those crawling specks which move with the fatal persistence of nightmare. It is impossible to stop all of them. You can feel it as sure as destiny. Your bullets are so tiny; there is obviously too much ground to cove

Joaquin is hurt. His hands regre fully let go of the rifle. He opens h lips but no sound escapes. His fa relaxes into a silly, boyish grin, ind scribably horrible. If only he wo scream as some men do, or die cursin it wouldn't be so bad. But Joaquin, die in dumb bewilderment, like sheep! I make no attempt to save hi as he falls. The shock has turned n into a lump of lead.

The machine gun triggers are r hot. I tremble from head to foot wi the desire to press them. The Moo are so close that I can make out the dark faces, but I am not satisfied ye Ah, the officer blows his whistle. Tl fool, he thinks we are all dead. They ri and run, shouting triumphantly. Nov

The ineffable ecstasy of squeezi my triggers. A thunderous vibratic fills body and soul. The brown m fall in heaps. With strange, Africa cries they charge on, and I sweep the away, I hammer them into the eart I laugh, I cry from the happiness of all until the tears stream down n cheeks. It is the most joyous mome in my life.

Now the belt stops. It is jamme I kick at the gun desperately. No, it not jammed. The belt is used up.

The plain is alive with men. Swin ing their long swords they dash fc ward as wild dogs packing to the ki I poke a rifle over the wall and lay n cheek against the wet stock.

Perhaps I can kill two more.

—Frank Puk

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CATECHISM

TO BE MEMORIZED BY ALL WHO SEEK ADVANCEMENT ON THE JOB

ATHERTON, I'm seriously thinking of taking you on as my assistant here in the sales department.

Say, J. T., that's simply great!

However, I must confess I am not entirely convinced you comprehend the duties and conventions of the office.

Just try me, J. T.!

Very well. Atherton, I've got an idea. What do you think of it?

I think it's great, J. T.!

Is that all?

I think you've got something there, J. T.!

That's better. Do you really like my idea?

Do I really like it! Why, J. T., it's nothing short of tremendous. It's an absolute wow! A stroke of genius, J. T.!

That's very good, Atherton. Now let's hear you say "yes."

Yes.

Can't you make it a little more enthusiastic?

Of course, J. T. YES!

Splendid. Now, do you always call me "J. T."?

No. I address you as J. T. in our private conversations, but among the men I refer to you as "the chief" or "the boss," and among your superiors I am very careful to address you as "Mr. Thomas."

Good. Now I'll give you a practical problem. You come into my office Saturday afternoon. I am working. What do you say?

I say: "Why don't you chuck the work the rest of the afternoon, J. T., and get yourself a little golf? You really owe it to yourself. You've been working like a dog all week."

I think we might get along at that, Atherton. Now, assume that Mr. Jones, the president, comes to you and says: "Atherton, what do you think about the situation?" What do you say?

I say: "Mr. Jones, I am flattered that you ask me for my opinion, but I suggest that Mr. Thomas is much better qualified to give you the picture than I am. He's been studying it for some time."

Have I been studying it for some time?

Probably not. But that makes no difference. The answer is the same.

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Correct. But suppose Mr. Jones insists on getting your opinion?

I say: "Mr. Jones, I feel exactly the same way about this that Mr. Thomas said he felt when we were talking this matter over yesterday."

Were we talking the matter over yesterday?

No. But I give him what I think is your opinion.

Very good, indeed. Now suppose we are all in conference in the president's office and in a moment of incaution you make a rattling good suggestion. The president compliments you. What do you say?

I say: "Well, gentlemen, I must confess the idea is not entirely mine. As a matter of fact, Mr. Thomas put it into my head and I think he ought to get what credit is due." I say that or else.

Or else what?

Or else I am no longer assistant sales manager.

Atherton, you have an excellent grasp of the fundamentals. Now there is just one more test, but it is a crucial one. Atherton, did you ever hear the story about—

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho! Stop it, J. T.! You're killing me!

Atherton, the job is yours.

—Doug Welch

HUMAN NATURE IN THE MARKET

Anybody who loses money in stocks has this consolation: He is probably a thoroughly *normal* person—normal knee jerks, normal respiration, and good standard normal opinions on nearly everything. One couldn't well do anything more normal than buy stocks at top prices and sell at the bottom.

What could be more normal than to buy stocks when all the news one hears about them is encouraging? Small wonder that the largest group of people who ever buy a stock do so at the price that proves to be the highest of the year.

The more nearly normal you are, the more likely you are to be in this large group of similar-minded persons.

Reversing the process, a normal person is likely to sell when news is bad—the very kind of news that makes low prices. Surely it is normal to become disgusted with a stock and sell it when everything one hears about it is discouraging.

People who are whisked off to institutions are the kind who fail to become cheered over cheerful situations or to be discouraged by bad news.

Those of us who are always wrong about what the market is going to do may thus feel assured that we show sound, natural reponses and are in no danger of having insanity warrants issued for us. We are normal!

—Fred C. Kelly

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HOW TO TALK SCIENCE

THE LAYMAN HAS TO LEARN A FEW WORDS IN ORDER TO LISTEN WELL

KARL T. COMPTON, the distinguished physical scientist and President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology tells an amusing story on himself —an early experience in which he tried to talk science.

It seems that when young Compton was a candidate for matrimony, he and his fiancée were entertained one evening at the home of her pastor. The minister was a person of poetic temperament, little versed in scientific matters, but as good host he engaged himself in the subjects of his guest, and in the course of the visit asked about the theory of relativity. The youthful scientist undertook to simplify Einstein; the courteous parson listened with rapt attention; and at the end it seemed that the fantastic picture of curved space and limiting velocities had been communicated successfully. But next day the candid clergyman advised his parishioner: "I approve of your young man in all respects but one—he has no sense of humor. I asked him to explain Einstein's theory of relativity, and he really tried to do it. You are taking a long chance in marrying a man who has no sense of humor." (Author's note: She took the chance.)

Now the moral of this story, from the layman's point of view, is this: Don't ask a scientist to explain a matter unless you are honestly interested and really want him to do it. There isn't a scene about us, the blue sky, the bluer sea, a rainbow, an oil film on water, a soap bubble, a green alga from the pond, that does not envelop surprises of mechanism quite as difficult in their ultimate explanation as is relativity or any other theory of the Universe. But these subjects cannot be approached merely for the purpose of making conversation.

"Our subjects are so glorious," said the aged Faraday to the young Tyndall, "that to work at them rejoices and encourages the feeblest, delights and enchants the strongest." Such enthusiasts—and every research scientist is an enthusiast, no matter how cold and unemotional he may seem—such enthusiasts do not willingly lend themselves to small talk. Interest, a genuine curiosity, is a prerequisite to worthwhile conversation with scientists on subjects of science. Those who

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do not have this feeling would always do better to turn to topics of music, art, politics, theology, trade, finance, and the height of the barometer.

There is always a question in a scientist's mind how far to venture conversationally into those realms where some preliminary grounding is necessary. Some technicians, perhaps most of them, turn away completely and will not discuss their specialties with any but fellow craftsmen. Other scientists risk the scorn of these pure ones by lending a sympathetic ear to the sincere inquirer. These Eddingtons and Jeanses and other interpreters are the salt of our scientific civilization, who are making the new knowledge savory and palatable by rendering it understandable or at least touchable.

If you are really interested in the Universe around you, and are fortunate enough to encounter one of these communicative scientists as a dinner partner, at a house party or aboard ship, don't embarrass him with large orders. Don't ask outright for a simplification of the relativity theory; that suggests a course of lectures. A better opening is, How did Einstein get on the trail of relativity? Almost any articulate astronomer, physicist, or mathematician can answer that question offhand, without entanglement in technical intricacies, and in the answering he will tell you a thrilling mystery story.

This historical or biographical approach is, indeed, a sort of stand-by that one can use on all occasions. For there is hardly a great discovery or basic idea of science that does not have in its background an interesting personal story of search and triumph —some of them, to be sure, a personal story of luck, for many of the most momentous findings have been accidental.

It is easier, more objective, perhaps one may say more natural, to relate how a discovery was made than to explain what the discovery is or why it has human meaning. And in the narrative of "how" the enthusiast will generally let drop more of the "what" and the "why" than he might attempt if asked outright for an exposition.

"What planet is that?" asked a young woman, sitting on the front porch of my house. I told her the object was Vega, not a planet but a star. "Why, what's the difference?" she replied, "I thought planet and star were synonyms." This lady was a graduate of one of our leading colleges, had traveled in Europe, but did not know the difference between an object like the Earth and an object like the Sun.

An eminent biologist had an experience last summer in one of the metropolitan suburbs. He met and was entertained at dinner at the home of one of its leading citizens, a member of one of the most distinguished families of America. Later the distinguished citizen invited the eminent scientist to his house for a Sunday evening to discuss informally the new develop-

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ments of biology and their possible bearing on human society, and for this privileged occasion gathered members of the family who were interested. The questions asked were so infantile that this discoverer of remarkable mechanisms of life found himself in the position of having to explain elementary facts that have been common knowledge for many decades and are taught in every high-school course of biology. And yet, every member of this group was college bred.

Obviously a listener must have command of a few fundamentals. The nucleus of the atom must not be confused with the nucleus of the living cell. A peanut and an elephant are not more different in size and behavior than are a proton and a protein. Neutrons and neurons sound quite akin, but are worlds apart in structure, function, and meaning. One should know that colloids as a classification of chemicals include more than glue-like mixtures, that galaxies are groups of stars and molecules are groups of atoms, that a physicist is not a misspelled medical man, and that red-shift is not related to communist propaganda. Baseball has its jargon; the financial pages of the newspaper have their necessary lingo; why should it seem strange that science require a vocabulary?

There are readable survey books now available, which give a good panoramic view of the fundamentals of the sciences—such books as *The Nature of the World and of Man* prepared by a group of University of Chicago professors a few years ago and used in some of the colleges to acquaint students generally with the point of view and basic facts of science.

Especially recommendable for luminous ideas, interpretations that are not merely descriptive but also suggestive and provocative, are the writings of J. B. S. Haldane, the British biologist. Haldane has said that "the biologist is the most romantic figure on earth at the present day," and I think this is true in the sense that the future of human betterment, and therefore of civilization, rests more with biology than with any of the other disciplines and techniques.

Whether man makes use of his rich heritage of mind and body and soul in ways of peace and civilization and cultivation of his resources of living, or in ways of war and destruction and reversion to brute instincts, is very largely a question of whether man can control the animal nature within, the conditioned reflexes, ingrained habits of prejudice, and overcome the massive inertia of emotional bias. Such futures seem to rest with the geneticists, endocrinologists, and other biologists, more than with anyone else. And the alternative noted does indeed make the biologist a very romantic figure—far more significant than the dictators, the bandied crowns, even the engineers.

He who would talk modern science ought to get acquainted with modern biology: the biology of Alexis Carrel,

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of Ralph Lillie, of T. H. Morgan and H. J. Muller, of Raymond Pearl, Oscar Riddle, Walter B. Cannon, of the British trinity, E. D. Adrian, Joseph Barcroft, and A. V. Hill. Biology gives signs of being on the eve of a forward movement such as came to physics forty years ago with the discovery of X-rays, the electron, and radium all within three breathless years.

Talking science, from the point of view of the layman in contact with a scientist, would seem to consist mainly of being an intelligent listener—plus the virtue of being an intelligent inquirer. Of all things that are anathema, shun and discourage the anecdotist who spouts wonder stories of science, who insists on detailing "miracles" wrought by the "wizards" and other "magicians" of the "houses of magic." Infantile ignorance is to be preferred to this marvel-mongering.

There is wonder enough in the facts of science without embellishing the lily. —GEORGE W. GRAY

HUSBANDS HAVE EYES BUT . . .

"HELLO, dear. (Smack.) How's everything?"

"Fine, John. Did you have a good day at the office?"

"Yep. O.K. Kids all right?"

"Yes. They've just gone to bed . . . John! Don't you notice anything?"

"Notice anything? Um. Now, let me see. Ah . . . Oh yes. Sure. Your hair. You're doing it a new way."

"John! I've been wearing it like this for two months now!"

"You have? Well, I'll be darned. Anyhow it certainly is becoming. Mighty becoming. Well now, let me see . . . Ah! Now I get it. It's that dress. Say, where *did* you get it? It's a knockout."

"Yes, that's what you said when I first wore it last spring—after I pointed it out to you."

"Um. I did? Yes, that's right. Of course I did. —Oh, of course! Now I see. It's those shoes. And they're very nice if I do say so."

"Well, they certainly last well anyhow. I got them the first year we were married."

"Ha! That's one on me, isn't it? Now let me look at you closely. Hm. —Oh, *I* get it. You've plucked your eyebrows. Say, they certainly look mighty trim. Regular vamp you've turned out to be."

"Yes? Well, I haven't touched my eyebrows for three months. Goodness sake, use your eyes. Are you blind?"

"Gee, I guess I must be. Now let me think . . . No, that isn't it. Maybe it's—no. I've seen that before. Well, dear, I'm afraid I'll have to give up."

"Oh, you're hopeless. The new slip-cover on the chair, of course."

"Oh! That's what it is. Swell! Say, that's a great idea, believe me! —Er, which chair, dear?"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

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DANCING SPEAKS

WHAT A BALLROOM DANCER NOTICES
WHEN WE OTHERS HAVE THE FLOOR

DANCING, in my opinion, is the perfect medium for psychological reading. Psychologists, the world over, seem to have completely overlooked this practically certain method of ascertaining the character and personality of any given subject. Having made dancing my business, I know that it is impossible for the average dancer to conceal those personal characteristics which are immediately glaringly revealed when he steps out upon the dance floor to indulge in a bit of terpsichorean relaxation.

Having learned that the man who shakes your hand strongly and looks you squarely in the eye is a man who undoubtedly has determination, initiative and courage, we unconsciously find ourselves adding a bit more pressure to our own handshakes. And we may also find ourselves further assuming other characteristics which the learned psychologists have given a meritorious rating. But when any two people step upon a dancing floor that fictitious veneer which cloaks their true personalities disappears completely and they appear psychologically naked to the naked eye of an observer.

Most of us are self-conscious when we dance and that self-consciousness helps considerably to give us away. Some of us feel that those few tricky steps we have practiced and know so well are really "something" while others will refrain from attempting these pet steps openly for fear of creating a certain impression.

Some of us impulsive people will direct our partners as a bulky halfback would plow through the enemy line. Others of us will lead our lovely little lady in a manner similar to that used by the Indian when stalking his game. We are of the hesitant variety. A few of us will sway our partners in the same way we might guide a truck around the bend. That which we do for pleasure seems to bring out the primitive in us and particularly in dancing it appears none of us are immune. So let us make a casual observation of what transpires nightly in that great American institution, the Supper Club, which is swank for what was once called the "Speak-easy."

A silk-stockinged attendant bowingly opens the portals as we enter into a crowded room. If the head-

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waiter knows us he bows low and we experience that superior feeling. If he doesn't, we feel like doing the bowing. The subdued tone of the shaded lights creates an intimate atmosphere, obtained by a great amount of effort and study by the lighting expert. Women will not patronize any night club unless the lights flatter their complexions, enhance the beauty of their eyes, hide their wrinkles and add to the elegance of their gowns. Men, too, usually look quite dashing in that synthetic twilight.

As the development of the atmosphere light is very interesting, let me dwell upon it for a moment. During the period of experimentation it was found that the color pink paled lipsticked lips, green blackened them and unkindly displayed very prominently those tell-tale wrinkles and lines on milady's face. Blue, particularly light blue, wasn't bad, but besides having a melancholy effect it also clearly indicated madam made use of much make-up. Amber did cheer up the place, but it washed out all color so the light man eventually had an inspiration and blended the light blue, pink and amber together to create a masterpiece of deceptive coloration which he called "surprise pink." And it is certainly a surprise what this light will do for most of us.

Our ear catches the spritely rhythmic "sweet swing" strains of a favorite orchestra. Our gaze wanders over the very crowded floor to rest upon a portly fellow (the tired business man) who walking heavily in time to the mus Next to him a young chap affecting staccato shoulder motion is bump by another youngster who is oblivio to all but an energetic swaying of t hips. Behind them a little to the rig is a rather elderly gentleman stamp ing his feet out of tempo. Inconsis ent as it may sound, they are all dan ing the "fox-trot." Here we have conglomeration of individual perso alities concentrating upon one give type of diversion. Each one revea through a particular technique o vious definite characteristics of per sonality. We notice a rather sma fellow dancing with a lanky lady. H leads her firmly and expertly arou the outer part of the floor unmind of their contrasting sizes. She, on th other hand, seems to be stooping i an effort to reduce her height. Th man is evidently self-confident, intelli gent and undoubtedly successful. I the first place, in asking her he did n take the "duty dance" attitude a is undertaking successfully that wh another would ordinarily attempt hes tatingly, resulting in an unhappy ex perience for both of them. One lack ing in self-confidence would nat rally try to hide in the middle of t floor where the crowd is thickest an where the least amount of movemen would be necessary. If the girl in question had her partner's confidence she would forget about trying t shorten her height and would con centrate upon deriving whateve

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njoyment possible from the dance.

We notice another couple. The man s holding the girl tightly around the waist and we can see she is a bit uncomfortable. She is quite elegantly gowned and is holding the edge of her skirt in her fingertips. Occasionally she glances around to see if anyone is looking in her direction. She feels a bit important. The male partner here is selfish, which is further shown by the fact he steps continually forward, thereby using the girl's back as a shock absorber. His manner also indicates he is conscious of the young lady's attractiveness but his actions show an utter disregard for her comfort or protection. The girl is oblivious to all this, as her main interest appears to center upon making her presence felt. She is self-centered but not self-conscious. We see a rather tall fellow with a small but lovely girl. He is not a bad dancer but continues to do the same step. They seem carried along by the crowd and he is uncertain of his direction. She prevents him from being bumped by another couple. He smiles as they are swept out of view. He undoubtedly has an inferiority complex and when they marry she will be the boss.

We focus our attention upon another young couple. The man assumes a position similar to that of an old-fashioned tintype. He has his right arm around her neck and she rests her chin on his shoulder. Her position is rather unique. She is bent forward, her cheek pressed against his. Frequently she kicks backward, such as a mule might in an effort to eliminate an unwelcome antagonist. This type of dancing is quaintly called the "collegiate." Their amusing posture is certainly ungraceful, but we inwardly note their rhythmic spontaneity of motion is really delightful. This complex situation brings to mind another evening we spent in a supper club.

The scene was entirely different, the place three thousand miles across the ocean. We were in London's most popular rendezvous keenly absorbed by the dancing antics of the representative English dancing public. We remember we were impressed by the fact the men as a unit held their partners in a like manner. Their postures were nearly all correct and their rhythm coincided with that of the music being played. The women also displayed this similarity of technique which, when viewed psychologically, clearly denoted the general surface frigidity traditionally English. It was possible for us to ascertain their individual characteristics by the manner of their individual action but we were interested by this mass display of outward conventionality and one-track-mindedness. Possibly England's greatness has been due to its unification of thought. Upon bringing our attention back to the present scene, the contrast is startling. Instead of that calm unity of orthodox movement, we see a milling maze of unorthodox rhythms and postures,

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clearly portraying the natural physical reaction of unrestrained imaginations. Here we have an exceedingly frank and refreshing spontaneity unconfined to any specific method.

We find the English dancing public more properly precise, more correctly orthodox, very closely following the law of the English dancing teacher. The American, on the other hand, shows a much greater freedom of movement with a flowing smoothness not found in either the bombastic staccato of the Latin or in the thoughtful, slightly restrained rhythm of the Anglo-Saxon. The American creates an original conception of the dancing teachers' teachings, which has always been a headache of hangover proportions to that noble body and thus the American dancing public, not the teacher, creates the new dance which periodically sweeps over the nation. It occurs to us that in a crowd of varied nationalities, we would need but a flashing glance to easily recognize the spontaneous unrestrained originality of the American.

All nations as well as individuals clearly reflect their true personalities in their dancing. It is a well-known fact that long before the sinister rumblings of war are heard in any country, the rhythm of the dancing in that country changes. During the recent depression there was a decided trend toward the slow lackadaisical type of dancing. Now that we once again appear to be chugging up the grade on the prosperity express our rhythm has quickened and we "swing it." And speaking of rhythm, we wonder how many of us realize that we actually owe our lives to seventy-two normal beats of it to the minute.

A loud crescendo in the music brings our wandering attention back to the crowded dance floor. We watch the antics of the milling throng and single out one couple for closer scrutiny. The woman holds herself stiffly erect, seemingly oblivious of her partner's ungainly droop. She lifts her arm gently from the man's shoulder, the little finger of her hand having a slight crook. Carefully she puts that arm behind her back to rest lightly on the man's wrist, the hand of which is spread over her left shoulder blade. Taking firmer hold she suddenly jerks his hand down placing it at the side of her waist and with the look of a king cobra she whispers several rapid sentences, smiling tenderly, close to his ear. Abruptly facing his charming partner the man utters a few words which unfortunately we are unable to overhear, and jerks his arm up back to its original position. Momentarily, the smile on the lady's face fades and down comes his arm again. He's stubborn, so back goes his arm. But she's stubborn, too, and as we watch them hurry back to their table it seems to me that they gave indications of being man and wife.

May I repeat that dancing, in my opinion, is certainly the perfect medium for psychological reading.

—Frank Veloz

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IN OLD SEGOVIA

Segovia—
Fair city, set twixt earth and sky,
How long ago it seems
We dreamed together—you and I—
Our idle, aimless dreams.
How sweet those timeless days—I lay,
Warmed by a sensuous sun,
Watching the children at their play—
Listening, as they'd come
And sing their happy songs to me.
Then, at the close of day,
Watching the women in their free
Swift movements in the gay
Street scene below, as evening fell
Chasing deep shadows down
The narrow cobbled streets. How well
Memory brings back the brown,
Gold skies that blazed above my head
While I lay there and dreamed . . .

But now your cobbles are stained red
With blood. And war, that seemed
So far from you, has marred my dreams.
Segovia—
How long ago it seems
We dreamed together—you and I.

—Mildred E. Boutwood

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MURDER BY PRINT

LUTHER BURBANK'S DEATH THROUGH A NEWSPAPER-MADE MASS HYSTERIA

I HAVE seen the phenomenon of murder by publicity several times since then, but in 1926 I was just a young cub reporter on the Santa Rosa *Republican* and not used to the sensational methods of the metropolitan press.

It happened that I grew up in a house just across the street from the Luther Burbank experimental gardens in Santa Rosa. I knew Burbank well by sight. Every morning on my way to the Burbank Grammar School I would see him hard at work in his beloved flower beds. And my father, a great admirer of the plant genius, told me marvelous tales of the wonders worked by the great horticulturist: of the Burbank potato that had saved one nation, the rustless wheat that had averted famine in another, the spectacular crossings that produced the Shasta daisy, blackberries that were white, roses without thorns, cactus without spines.

About the latter my father grew eloquent. He never tired of telling me of the cactus that produced succulent pears for human beings to eat. Once he came home with a cracked rib, admitting ruefully that he had sustained the injury in trying to filch a tempting cactus pear in the Burbank gardens by reaching over a high picket fence.

On my way home from school next day, I saw Mr. Burbank in the gardens, and I told him about my father's accident. He gave me a whole hatful of ripe red and yellow spineless cactus pears, with a twinkle in his kindly blue eyes.

"Take these to him," he said. "You tell him he can have all he wants."

Often, after that, I would stop and talk to him and ask him about his experiments with plants. Patient and tireless, with that innate gentility of truly great and truly simple people who live close to the soil, he would explain to me some of the wonders he was working with plants, flowers, and trees.

One of my childhood red letter days was the one that saw my hero, Thomas Edison, and Henry Ford, in Santa Rosa to visit Luther Burbank.

After I was graduated from the Santa Rosa High School, I went to work on the Santa Rosa *Press-Demo-*

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crat, later transferring to the *Republican*. Naturally, my acquaintance with Mr. Burbank was valuable to my employers.

In addition, I was correspondent for the United Press. I also wrote features for several syndicates, and Luther Burbank was one of my best sources of news. No matter how busy, or what important work he had to delay, Luther Burbank never failed to grant an interview to me or to anyone I brought out to his gardens, and I brought many.

He was courteous to them all, granting almost any request within reason. The only aversion he had, that I ever discovered, was for the appellation "plant wizard" which the metropolitan newspapers insisted on tacking on him. To him there was no wizardry in the miracles he performed with plants. It was all a matter of patient selection, persistent crossing, and careful propagation of the best plants he could find for the purpose he had in his mind.

Early in 1926, the city editor of the Oakland *Post-Enquirer* phoned me long-distance and gave me an assignment.

He wanted me to interview Mr. Burbank on his beliefs on immortality and the hereafter. It was to be used in the Oakland *Post-Enquirer*, one of the Hearst chain of newspapers, as a companion piece to a similar interview with Henry Ford appearing in the current *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. It would make a good feature, a comparison of the beliefs of the two great geniuses on the subject of immortality.

Mr. Burbank readily granted me the interview. To my questions he gave simple, clear, interesting answers, the answers of a man who for countless years had seen seed sprout into life, grow, bloom, bear, and die, and who knew that the miracle of life he witnessed continually in his gardens was not mere chance or accident.

I wrote out my interview on his typewriter. That finished, Mr. Burbank called his wife in to edit it.

The interview was on a highly controversial topic, and she eliminated such statements that he had made which she believed were too liable to start undesirable argument.

"So many people write to him every time his name appears in the papers," she explained. "They take issue with him, or criticize him, or want to enter into a long correspondence or argument with him. He's so conscientious that he wants to answer all of them. And that's out of the question. I try to save him as much as possible from getting too much mail."

However, she did not materially change the interview, and as finally approved by both Mr. and Mrs. Burbank, it appeared in next day's editions of the Oakland *Post-Enquirer*. The wire services picked it up and broadcast it throughout the nation.

The mail deluge was not immediately apparent, but the storm had started. When I went out to the gardens a few days later, Mr. Burbank

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told me his mail had increased by several hundred letters a week as a result of the interview.

Other San Francisco bay region newspapers, meanwhile, had jumped on the story and correspondents and cameramen arrived daily. A San Francisco minister asked Mr. Burbank to deliver an address from the pulpit on his beliefs.

Luther Burbank delivered his address on a Sunday morning. Monday's newspapers screamed with black sensational headlines, pictures, and full-paged texts of his address.

"Luther Burbank Is Atheist!"

No one read through calmly or clearly understood the reasonable and sound explanation he gave for his beliefs. For Mr. Burbank, like all workers with nature, continually in contact with an abundant soil, was a deeply religious man with a sincere belief in a Supreme Being who directed all things in the universe.

But the newspapers snatched at the phrase: "I am an atheist," with which he had sought to capture attention for his address, and the deluge was on. No one bothered to read the rest of his address. Here was a highly controversial topic, one good for weeks of headline exploitation, with an international figure in the spotlight. The newspapers ran columns of symposiums. Editorials incited the riot. The journalistic pack had got the scent.

And Luther Burbank was the harassed quarry.

His correspondence jumped into the thousands. Mr. Burbank conscientiously tried to answer them all. Vainly he sought to explain what he meant and what he believed. It was futile.

His telephone rang night and day. Reporters camped on his doorstep. Telegrams poured in. The mail increased horrifyingly.

He was questioned, accused, vilified, libeled, lampooned, and execrated. There was no let-up in the baying. The national press, for want of other news, splashed the raging controversy over every front page.

One city editor forced me, under violent protest, to go and ask the poor plant man if he ever got down on his knees and prayed to God.

Mr. Burbank's answer—I shook his hand when he told me it—was: "Tell him it's none of his damned business!"

Public opinion, fanned by sensation seeking papers, turned against him. He suffered a breakdown. He was confined to his bed under the care of a doctor. No one could see him.

This, climaxing the crescendo of hysteria that had swept the nation following his pulpit address, was like an inevitable tragic third act. The newspapers and the wire news services waited breathlessly for every bulletin as Mr. Burbank's life hung precariously in the balance.

Thirteen minutes after midnight, April 11, 1926, Luther Burbank died —victim of a chance phrase publicized by the American press.

—Frank Piazzi

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THE QUEEN AS CAT

TODAY'S NURSERY RHYME ONCE SERVED AS STINGING SATIRE

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon—
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

LAUGHTER — intrigue — love — murder—merge together in the background of this familiar jingle, for there were no cartoons or Vox Pops in the Sixteen Hundreds—and the people could only thumb their noses at their betters by the singing of such rhymes.

"Hey diddle diddle" symbolized the gaiety and junketings at the Court of Whitehall during the reign of Elizabeth. The queen, familiarly and not always too lovingly known as the "Cat," was so inordinately fond of dancing to the music of tiny "fiddles," that many a hostelry was named the "Cat and Fiddle Inn."

Elizabeth was also frequently dubbed the "Cow," both in recognition of her awkward gait and of her agricultural interests. The "Moon" over whom the cow jumped was beautiful and glamorous Mary Stuart, whose charm so enraged the jealous Elizabeth that the lovely Queen of Scots was sent to the headsman's block.

And the "Little dog"—who was he? Well, he was the arrogant Earl of Leicester, who earned this nickname because he was always at the beck and call of Elizabeth. The "Sport" was the contemptuous manner in which Elizabeth flouted the dignitaries of Parliament and the Cabinet.

"And the dish ran away with the spoon"—"Dish" and "Spoon," respectively, were Seventeenth Century slang for those who served the plates of heavy gold at court dinners, and who tasted the royal food. They were always of noble birth, and the "Dish" and "Spoon" of whom the jingle speaks so guardedly, were none other than the Earl of Hertford, and Catharine, sister of Lady Jane Grey.

These two young people fell in love. Elizabeth desired no affection in her Court greater than was bestowed upon her august self. The lovers were secretly married, but the Queen discovered the union. She sent the newlyweds to the Tower where, after seven years, they were beheaded.

And now, "Hey diddle diddle" is a rhyme for baby lips.

—EDNA S. SOLLARS

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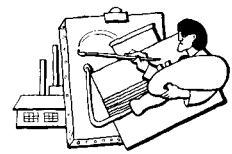
ABOUT PHILIP EVERGOOD

WHO IS BEGINNING TO GET THE FAME THAT IS UNDOUBTEDLY HIS PORTION



AROUND 1930, Philip Evergood, who had been a student at Cambridge University with the intention of becoming a lawyer, discovered that he was a member of the proletariat. He had already become an artist; he therefore mixed his social sense with his colors and learned that the world of working men and women was even more fascinating than the Bible, with whose stories and leading characters he had been trifling in a caricatural way. Now he is painting for the government, on W.P.A. projects, and with no apologies either.

Because his father was a painter it was hoped that Philip would learn to make a living, but the cards were stacked against the poor fellow. He was studying at Cambridge, true enough, but he was secretly making sketches on the side. These he showed one day to an English sculptor called Harvard Thomas, and the damage was done. The sculptor became enthusiastic, took on Philip as an apprentice in his studio and as a student in his class at the Slade. Returning to New York, Evergood continued his studies, under Luks and Von Schlegel at the Art Students' League, and then, in Paris, at Julian's, later in Italy and Spain.

In 1927 he made his debut as an artist with 57 paintings and sculptures. They summed up the first Philip Evergood. The contemporary Philip Evergood was peeping out of the chrysalis in his second one-man exhibition, in 1931, when he displayed such startling compositions as *The Negro Communist.* Neither in his subject matter nor in his color scheme is there anything pastel-like about Evergood's work. Only he remains genteel, and possessing the marks of culture and refinement befitting one who once had studied at Cambridge. His *Evening Reading* created an unnecessary amount of tumult when it was awarded a money prize at the Chicago Art Institute, but Evergood didn't mind: more people learned his name.

He has paintings in the permanent collections of the Brooklyn and Denver Museums and has shown his work at the Whitney, the Carnegie Institute, the Corcoran; at the Albright in Buffalo and at the Modern in New York. The critics call him a comer.

—HARRY SALPETER

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MIDTOWN GALLERIES, N. Y.

THE SIDING BY PHILIP EVERGOOD

With something of that curious archaic feeling in the atmosphere that one discovers as the paradoxical common denominator of most of the works of the surrealists, but with nothing of the surrealist manner. The result is an odd individuality that has pleased the critics.

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KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

ADAM AND EVE IN PEARWOOD . . .

The age-old and ever-young story comes alive, of the two who dwelt in the garden eastward in Eden, who were naked and not ashamed until they ate of the tree of knowledge, when they cowered and covered themselves, hearing the Lord in the garden in the cool of the day.

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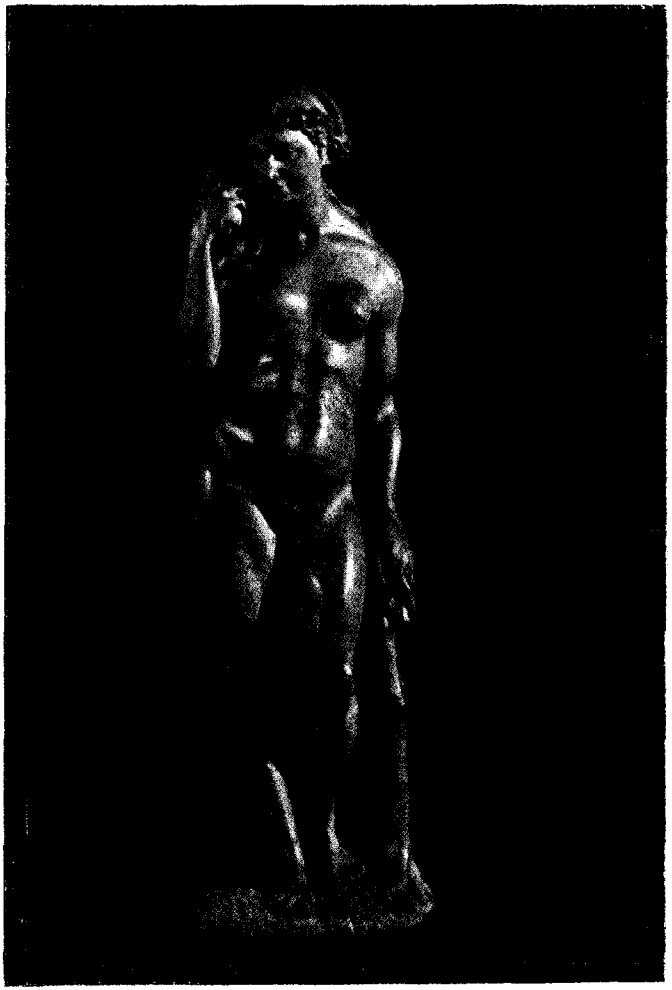

. . . FROM XVITH CENTURY NUREMBERG

This, then, was of the time of their innocence, and the world's, before they did eat and the eyes of them both were opened and they were as gods, knowing good from evil, and they knew that they were naked and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons.

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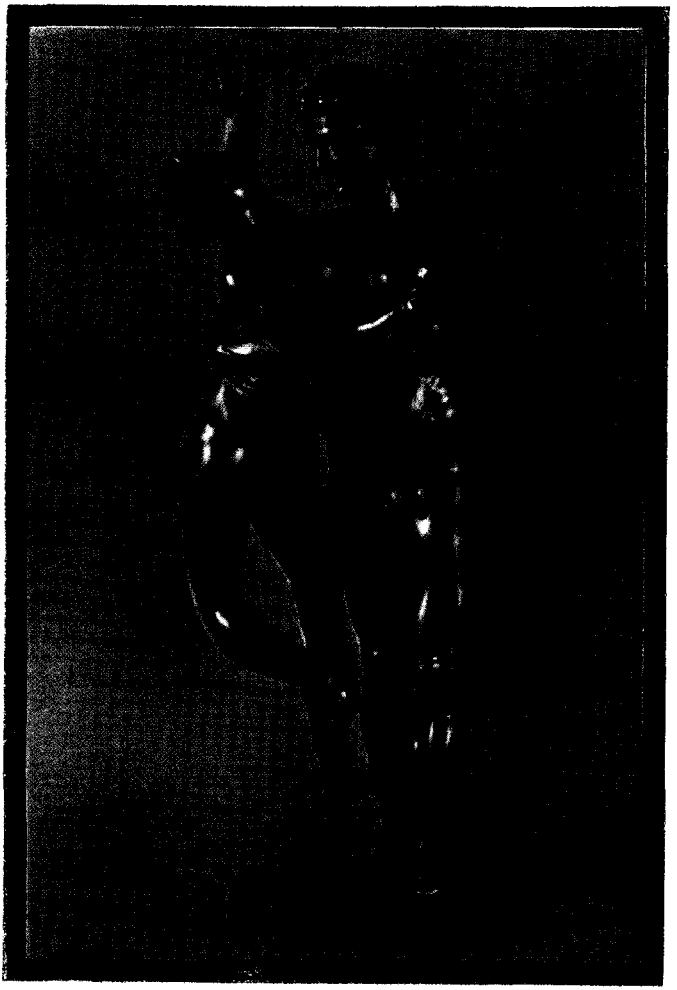

THE SEIZURE OF THE SABINES

Flemish boxwood statuette, from the second half of the sixteenth century. In the Teutonic Renaissance, wood carving reached the same level of perfection reached by the Italian Renaissance in the sculpture of bronze, as is shown by comparison with pages 19 to 22.

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FATHER OF PHOTOGRAPHY

TRACING THE MUCH DISPUTED ANCESTRY OF THE PHOTO-PLATE

THE man who invented photography has long been an unsung hero. He has been dead for 104 years, and died without ever having his picture "taken."

This gentleman was a Frenchman, Joseph Nicéphore Niepce, who was born in 1765 and died in 1833 at the height of his successful experiments which he began early in the 19th Century. In the 1820's he became acquainted with another Frenchman, Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre, who carried to conclusion the work that took the process out of the laboratory and made it available to hundreds of professional and amateur photographers.

The photographs "taken" by Niepce required a six to seven hour exposure —and so only still life could be photographed by him. That is why there is no photograph of the inventor of photography.

Authorities agree that Niepce was the first man to "take" a photograph as we know the process. Before him there were a few experimenters who worked along entirely different lines, all using salts as the prime active agent in their processes, which produced what are known as heliographs, a process that transferred a drawing to a treated surface. But none of them ever was able to "take" a picture from life. To Niepce must go that honor. It is a long way from the first crude pictures taken by him to the modern camera. When Niepce finally put a landscape on a plate of metal, coated with bitumen of Judea, he forged the first link in the massive chain that eventually made it possible for us all to make permanent records of anything we wish.

Before going into Niepce's experiments it will not be amiss to give an outline of the principal experimenters who preceded him. The first authenticated experiments were performed by a German physician, Johann H. Schultze who, one day in 1727, placed a mixture of chalk and nitric acid on a window sill of his laboratory. Looking at it some time later he saw that it had changed color, becoming darker. This started him thinking, so he made up another similar preparation, which he also placed in the same position. It did not change color.

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Herr Schultze scratched his head and did a little more thinking. At length he remembered that the nitric acid he had used in the first mixture previously had been used to dissolve some silver.

So the good Herr took some more of the acid and dissolved some silver in it which, those of us who have studied chemistry know, forms silver salts. Schultze made a mixture of the salts with chalk and, placing it in the light, saw it darken slowly. Schultze performed innumerable additional experiments, including the placing of stencils over the solution, the exposed parts of the mixture changing color and the covered parts remaining unchanged. He also used a thin paper on which he had written, and the light striking the mixture through the paper, turned it dark, but where the writing appeared the mixture retained its light color, somewhat as we can see today in printed matter in which a reverse engraving is used, part of which is a solid black, with the remainder in white.

Schultze never got farther than that but he made copious notes of his every experiment. After he died his experiments were repeated by an Englishman, also a physician, one William Lewis, who began his work in 1763. In 1781, after continued tests, Dr. Lewis died, and left not only his records but a valuable assistant, one Chisholm, whose given name has escaped the biographers.

This Chisholm later was employed by Josiah Wedgwood, the noted English potter, who purchased the notes of Dr. Lewis but did nothing with them. Chisholm in time tutored Thomas Wedgwood, a son of Josiah, and Thomas eventually began to interest himself in the experiments of Lewis.

Again the original experiments of Schultze were repeated, but Wedgwood went farther and reached the point where he could transfer to a plate a drawing that had been made on glass. Wedgwood used both ivory and leather as plates, coating them with the silver salts. One of the greatest difficulties he encountered was that he could not "fix" the plate after the transfer had been made from his drawing and the image on the plate faded out rapidly, somewhat in the manner that "proofs" submitted to us by modern photographers do. Wedgwood tried to wash and "fix" his plates thousands of times but never used common salt which later proved an effective fixant.

It is at this time that Niepce comes into the picture. He, however, worked along entirely different lines than Schultze, Lewis and Wedgwood. Instead of using silver salts as his active agent on the plate he used bitumen of Judea coated on a metal plate. He placed the plate in a dark box (the original of the modern camera), "took" a landscape and arrested fading out of the picture by washing the plate in a salt solution.

The first photograph had been born!

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Niepce, one of four brothers who were endowed with inventive brains, knew that he had something. But the first crude achievement was nothing but a laboratory gesture. Much work had to be done. Niepce was loath to make public the results of his experiments, and so quietly pursued his tests in his own way.

It happened that at the time Niepce was experimenting he made purchases from time to time in the shop of one Chevalier, an optician. Niepce had confided his dreams to M. Chevalier. Another customer of the optician, Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre, also took the optician into his confidence, and Chevalier discovered himself in possession of the information that two men were working along practically the same lines in endeavors to transfer to a sensitized material (plate) an image. Chevalier suggested to Daguerre that he write Niepce, who was a resident of Chalon-sur-Saône. Perhaps each could benefit from the knowledge of the other. This Daguerre did, with the result that a partnership was formed, which brought to more rapid fruition the photographic process.

But this partnership was not formed until some years after Niepce had succeeded in transferring an image to a sensitized plate, fixed it and displayed it to his family and neighbors.

In his early experiments Niepce, as did Wedgwood, used a drawing on glass, transferring it to his sensitized plate. However, he was not satisfied with this by any means and the dark box, as he called his camera, was built, with a pinhole for a shutter. This dark box was a miniature camera obscura, long known, and still in use. What Niepce did that the camera obscura could not do was to transfer the image permanently to the surface to which it was projected.

Niepce worked out the principle of the modern photographic process, but due credit must be given to Daguerre for perfecting it.

In his original experiments Niepce had three objects in view: To give maximum clearness in the reproduction of objects; to bring out the high and low lights, and to "fix" them, the latter having baffled the German and the two English experimenters in their heliographic transfers of drawings. Niepce's first pictures were made on paper, but later he used a metal plate.

Niepce's first successful picture, made in the dark box, was "shot" from his work room, which was situated facing an aviary. He darkened the room, placed the dark box near the window casement and "took" his picture, the exposure lasting between six and seven hours. Naturally, Niepce was elated, but picture after picture was made with only crude positives resulting. As all great inventors, he realized that it was the beginning of something that laboratory work only could perfect.

The picture of the aviary, on which also appeared a part of the window casement, is believed by historians to

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have been photographed in 1816.

Niepce, at the time Daguerre wrote him first, was endeavoring to perfect his dark box. He was greatly interested in the contents of the letter and cautiously answered it. These letters were the beginning of a two to three years' correspondence that resulted in the partnership, which materialized in 1829, the papers drawn up calling for a ten-year agreement. The practical results of the partnership were that Niepce furnished Daguerre all his secrets, and Daguerre in reality furnished only an improved dark box which, strangely, was one of the biggest stumbling blocks that Niepce encountered.

Niepce had an excellent education, admirably fitted to the father of photography. Daguerre, on the other hand, was a painter with little or no formal education. His researches were prompted by a desire to transfer permanently to a surface the image cast by a camera obscura.

In 1833 Niepce suffered an apoplectic stroke, from which he died. Daguerre, however, carried on the tests and the first daguerreotype was made in 1837. Daguerreotypes had as their active agent a coating of silver compound on a metal plate which Niepce had perfected. And it is interesting to note that Daguerre fulfilled the term of the partnership agreement by taking as a full half-partner Isidor Niepce, son of Nicéphore.

There was one other man active in the early days of photography who should not go unnamed. He was William Henry Fox Talbot, an Englishman, born in 1800. While sketching with the aid of a camera obscura he conceived the idea, as did Daguerre, of making a permanent record of the image cast. This was in 1833, and it took Talbot six years to complete the experiments that brought into being the photographic process known as Calotype, or Talbotype, the first authentic record of which dates to 1839, two years after Daguerre's achievement. Talbot followed along Wedgwood's research lines, while Daguerre, as we now know, held strictly to Niepce's fundamentals.

To Niepce, therefore, goes the credit for having produced the first permanent photographic plate. If there is anyone in the world who deserves the honor of being the inventor of photography it is the patient Niepce.

—W. L. LIGHTFOOT

THE LACONISMS OF HOWARD BLAKE (Cont.)

ADVICE—A word to the wise guy is insufficient.

★ ★ ★

ETHICS—An ethical business man is one who never goes back on his word without consulting a lawyer.

★ ★ ★

DRUGS—What other drugs does a druggist have one-half so stupefying as the books he rents?

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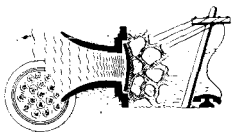
FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH

WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS WHEN YOU TALK INTO YOUR TELEPHONE



IN ORDER to have sound something must vibrate—and vibrate fast enough to affect the nerves in our ears and produce the sensation of hearing. Whenever you speak, your voice sets the air vibrating and causes little waves of air to beat against the ear drums of your listeners, enabling them to hear what you have to say. These little waves are actual disturbances in the air just as little ripples are actual disturbances in an otherwise still pond. They *move* the air and if they strike a delicately balanced metal plate they will cause it to vibrate in exactly the same way that they vibrate.

In the telephone transmitter these little voice waves are caught in the mouthpiece and made to vibrate a metal disc behind which a number of tiny grains of carbon are placed. The metal disc presses against these tiny carbon grains and sets up various degrees of pressure in them according to the way it vibrates.

Now it so happens that carbon is a better conductor of electricity when it is under pressure than when it is not under pressure, and if a steady current is allowed to flow through these carbon grains and out through two wires, that current will become stronger when the carbon grains are pressed together and become weaker when they are released.

The metal plate in the transmitter, vibrating, changes the pressure on the carbon grains which in turn vary the current in the wires. The sound from the voice, therefore, sets up variations in current in the wires and it is these variations in current that are sent along to the other fellow's receiver miles away. Of course these variations in current are amazingly rapid—they vary some four or five hundred times every second. They all travel along the wires with the speed of electricity (186,000 miles per second) and by the time they reach the receiver at the other end of the line they are very weak. For this reason they are sent through an induction coil (a coil of wire which you will find in that black box which is usually placed out of sight, behind a desk or near the floor) and are "stepped up" to where they can be of use in the receiver.

The receiver is the instrument that talks. By "talks" we mean that it

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faithfully reproduces the sounds that were sent into the transmitter to which it is connected. It consists of a permanent magnet at one end of which there is an electromagnet and in front of this electromagnet and *very close to it* is a thin metal disc somewhat similar to the disc in the transmitter.

The permanent magnet attracts the metal disc very slightly to it and helps to hold it "in position." The electromagnet, which receives its current from the outside and varies in strength and weakness in exact accordance with the variations in current set up in the wires, attracts this metal disc and repels it *in exactly the same way that the voice moved the metal disc in and out in the transmitter*. The original voice is therefore reproduced in the receiver.

Now let us follow a word through from the time it enters the transmitter in New York to the time it comes out of the receiver at Chicago or any other place.

Suppose you say, "Hello," into the mouthpiece. The first syllable, "hel," pushes the metal disc in the transmitter IN and puts the tiny carbon grains under pressure. The second syllable, "lo," allows the metal disc to move back slightly and relieves the pressure just as slightly on the carbon grains. Of course these syllables both cause the metal to vibrate many hundred times per second but in order to illustrate the principle of the telephone we shall assume that the metal disc moves once IN and once OUT.

Because of the difference in pressures on the carbon grains in the transmitter, the word "Hello" causes the current in the wires to become first strong and then weak—in its own peculiar way. This strong and weak current is sent along the wires to Chicago where it enters the electromagnet of your friend's receiver. The strong current, which comes first, strengthens the electromagnet and causes it to pull the metal disc nearer to it—just as much nearer to it as the first syllable, "hel," caused the metal disc to move IN. The second syllable, "lo," weakens the magnet a trifle and allows the metal disc to move away from it—just as much away as the metal disc in the transmitter moved when you said "lo." The receiver, therefore, vibrates *just exactly the way you made the transmitter vibrate* and in so doing it reproduces your very words. All electric sound reproduction, whether it be the telephone, the radio or the "talkies" works on this principle.

THE TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD

Now let's get down to brass tacks and see how millions of people all over the United States can talk with millions of other people at the same time. Let us see how some 25,000,000 telephones from Maine to California form one tremendously efficient medium of communication.

Suppose we had six telephones in a very small community arranged so that any two of them could talk together at any time. In order to do this it would be necessary to connect

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every phone with every other phone. If you were to count the number of connection lines you would find that there are fifteen in all. Fifteen lines to *connect only six telephones!* If we had 10,000 telephones to connect to one another we should require 49,950,000 lines. Obviously this is highly impractical. The answer to the problem is the switchboard.

If we go back to our six telephones and introduce a central switchboard we shall need only six lines instead of fifteen. The switchboard can be so arranged that three couples can talk to three couples at the same time and neither couple will hear what the other couple has to say.

Now let our community increase from six to one thousand. We shall then have 1,000 lines coming into the central office switchboard which means that the size of the board will have to be increased considerably or, what is more likely, there will have to be two switchboards connected to one another. Suppose the first switchboard takes all numbers up to 500 and the second switchboard takes all numbers from 500 to 1,000. Suppose further that the first board is connected to the second board by three or four wires which we shall call "trunks." Number 48 calls number 271. A light lights over number 48 on the first board and the operator, after getting the number desired by 48, proceeds to "plug" number 271 on her board with her wire cord. In doing this, number 48 is connected through the central office with number 271. While this is going on Number 94 shows a light and the operator, after "plugging in" number 94 to see what number he wants, finds it to be number 866. Now 866 is off her board so she merely connects him to the trunk line which takes him over to the other board. When this has been done she tells the other operator that her party wants 866 which is on her board. The other operator accordingly "plugs in" on 866 and number 94 is connected, through both switchboards, to number 866. The operators of both boards can listen in merely by lifting up a listening key.

Suppose a million wires come into the central office. This would require 1,000 switchboards each with a capacity to handle 1,000 calls. Naturally no one would think of housing 1,000 switchboards under one roof, so a number of central offices are set up in different parts of the city. They are called by different names and are all connected to one another by trunk lines.

The principle on which they operate is exactly the same as the one described for two switchboards. If I live in one part of the city and you live in another part I can talk to you only by going through two central office switchboards—just as number 94 had to go through two switch boards to talk to 866. When I pick up my receiver a light lights over my number in the central office to which I am always connected. The operator

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asks for the number I want and I tell her Wisconsin 2-1954. I listen and I hear her repeat my number to the Wisconsin operator. Of course she leaves out the "Wisconsin" and merely repeats "1954." The Wisconsin operator plugs in to number 1954 and I am connected through two telephone exchanges, to the number I want.

While there are a considerable number of trunk lines between the various central offices in a large city, there are not one-twentieth of what there might be if everyone in Riverside could talk to everyone in Wisconsin at the same time. This could never happen and it is very doubtful if 20% of one central office will ever talk to 20% of another office at the same time. The number of trunk lines is surprisingly few and that is why you sometimes have to wait a little longer than usual to get your number . . . the trunks are all busy.

The 25,000,000 telephones in this country require about 15,000 central offices so that the connections between these central offices become the same sort of problem as we met in the beginning of this chapter. We can't connect them all directly, we have to have "main central offices." These main central offices are in the larger cities and are known as "Long Distance." If I am in New York and I want to talk to someone in Flint, I pick up my receiver and when the Riverside office operator asks "number please" I say "long distance." The Riverside operator then plugs me into a trunk line which leads to a special office in the central section of the city. This is a long-distance office. The long-distance office operator asks for my number and I tell her, "I want Flint, Michigan, 1000." She tells me to hold the line and she immediately plugs in to Detroit. These long-distance offices have direct trunk lines to all the important cities and the nearest important city to Flint is Detroit. I am now connected with the long-distance office in Detroit and I can hear my operator say to the Detroit operator "Flint 1000." The Detroit operator looks on her board which has hundreds of trunk lines coming into it from all over Michigan —all the small towns and villages in the Detroit vicinity. She finds Flint and plugs in. Now I hear the Flint operator say "Flint" and I hear the Detroit operator say "1000." The Flint operator then plugs into 1000 on her board and I am connected.

The number of central offices involved in a long-distance call and the number of trunk lines that are apt to be busy are the reason that you have to wait so long for the call to be "put through."

This brief article merely gives you and idea of the unseen things that take place from "Hello" to "Goodbye." In our next article, we are going to tell you about something that is of greater importance: What happens when you turn on the water faucet.

—Jerome S. Meyer and
Charles S. Brisk

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THE HOWLING DERVISHES

BLOOD IS SPILLED TO WASH AWAY
THE SINS OF ONE WHO IS PRESENT

TOWARDS the northeast of the city, past the city hall built in Moorish style, the mountains close in on the little river Milyatska. Numerous houses crowd in on both sides of the river perilously hanging along the cliffs above it.

This section of Sarajevo is purely Moslem. In the midst of this multi-colored heap of greenery and tiny homes stands a house not different from the rest. But within its walls is the meeting place of the fanatic dervishes who still exist in their original edition in Sarajevo.

Every Friday night the dervishes meet within this building to perform their weird ceremonies, said to go back to Thirteenth Century rituals. The room where the *mukabela*, the weekly prayer of the dervishes, is performed is large and low. The walls are covered with Persian rugs or Arabic inscriptions from the Koran. The inscriptions read either *La ilaha il Allah ve Mohammed resoul Allah*—there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet—or *Bismillah*—in the name of Allah.

On the floor are seated the dervishes, a dozen of them. They sit in a semi-circle peering into the floor, without ever moving. A low wooden railing separates them from several benches and cushions along the wall reserved for visitors and the wives of the dervishes. They are the only Moslem women who sometimes witness the *mukabela*, but they are never permitted to participate in these prayers.

Facing the visitors there is a deep niche in the wall like a sentry box. The niche indicates the direction of Mecca. Here, during the prayers, sits the sheik, the head of the dervishes. Above him hang a naked sword and two short daggers, the *zarna*, with wooden balls at the end of their hilts.

Suddenly, without any warning, a murmur fills the room as if coming from nowhere. The dervishes, their heads inclined and their hands crossed on their chests, are mumbling something into their chins. At the same time, the stately figure of the sheik appears. In his white robes and wearing a tall and dark fez, called *tarcha*, he looks like a figure from the other world. His youthful face is sharply set and is as dark as his fez.

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As the sheik seats himself at the altar with his legs crossed, the oldest among the dervishes, one with a long white beard, hands the sheik a string of prayer beads, the *tespik*. Quietness prevails again, and the clinking of the beads as they pass the sheik's fingers sounds like shots. Everybody is breathless until the last bead is counted. Then the sheik bows and reverently repeats *Laillahe il Allah* in a soft voice.

No sooner does he finish his short sentence than the dervishes start their *devr*, the mad dance. They begin to twist to the right and left, to the front and back, at first slowly then faster and faster at the same time repeating the sheik's words in the tempo of their whirl. No matter how fast they turn they manage to touch the floor in front of them with their foreheads from their sitting position. Their incantation comes now with express speed. Their breasts heave and the veins on their necks and temples bulge. A sickly feeling creeps into one's stomach. The *mukabela* has started.

The dervishes get paler and paler. One by one the younger ones flop to the floor unconscious. The *hal*, the religious delirium, has swallowed them. And the swinging of bodies and the mumbling voices continue until the sheik gives a sign long after most of the dervishes become stunned and senseless. But that is not the end. The sheik's sign means only a rest of a second or two. The crazy dance continues with greater speed. And when the sheik's final sign comes the dervishes are supposed to get up. Few them do. The old man who hand the beads to the sheik gets up in daze. His head still moves from s to side and his eyes are closed. Th his head stops moving and rests limp on his chest. His body leans against wall. It is standing up only All knows how. Two or three of the de vishes still seem to have their full sens

The *mukabela* now continues in standing position. The same sw twisting again. The vocative worsh too, taken literally from the Proph words: "Call loudly and without c ing on the name of Allah," contin with terrific speed so that in the just one prolonged "aaaaa" is hear Hence the name "the howling de vishes," perhaps. During this perfor ance some of the dervishes lying u conscious on the floor wake up a slowly rise to join the others in su more whirling. Then, one by one th sag to the floor, unconscious or una to go on; they drop with their kne jerking and their bodies twitchi Some continue the dizzy spinnin among the heap of tortured bodi around them. This lasts two solid hour

Many of those who watch, go o during the performance to vomit i the fresh air, and those who are hard enough to stay within the sweaty at mosphere of the room whipped up b the constant rotation of the huma bodies are exhausted to the utmos But now comes the main part o this terrifying and gruesome sacrific

The sheik walks majestically in h s

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are feet from the altar to the center of the floor. The contorted dervishes never seem to notice him. He stretches his arms out and on his bare feet he starts to spin himself, never leaving the spot where he starts. He attains such a speed that his face and his robes become one gigantic spool of white thread with an elongated black spot on top, the fez. He spins steadily for fifteen minutes, from time to time encouraging the dervishes with a yell not to weaken. They join him. After this comparatively short merry-go-round some more spectators leave the room and only a handful remain to witness the bloody sacrifice to come.

The dervishes in various distorted positions start to hoot: "*Ya Allah*," (Oh, God) and "*Ya Hoo*," (Oh, Him!) The sheik takes the daggers from the niche, gives one to a younger dervish while he takes the other one himself, kissing it devoutly. Then both of them turn the daggers dexterously in their fingers with a speed that would put to shame any juggler in vaudeville. Hoo . . . hoo . . . hooo go the dervishes still twisting while this goes on. Then the sheik takes a towel which is handed to him and wipes his dagger.

"*Hayoum-kayoum Allah*"—you are alive and eternal, God—speaks the sheik. He stares at the dagger's point with his black eyes. Then he utters quietly the mysterious words: "*Hasni rabi jenelah mafy, kal bi gay rulah nur Muhammed salallah, la illahe il lallah*," —My refuge in God, the Lord eternal above, is sufficient to me, and in my heart there is room for no one but Allah and the holy Mohammed.

All this sounds like hocus-pocus. But suddenly the sheik places the dagger in his mouth. Before one realizes what is happening the point of the dagger emerges from the sheik's left cheek and in another second the entire blade down to the hilt, smeared with blood, comes out of the cheek. Blood spurts out of the wound and drops on the sheik's shoulder. The dervish with the other dagger goes through the same gruesome procedure. Blood bespatters him, too. The sheik pierces every one of the ululating dervishes with his fiery eyes lit with fanaticism. And the bloody dagger ominously hanging out of his cheek. He is looking for the sinner. For it is a strong belief that blood will never come out of any wound inflicted during the sacrifice to Allah unless some of the dervishes have come to the prayers unclean.

Not locating his sinner the dervish pulls the dagger out of his mouth with a deft move, wipes it with a towel, kisses it again and devoutly returns it to the niche. The other dervish does the same. But his movements are not as deft as those of the sheik.

The sheik returns from the altar carrying the large sword. Two of the strongest dervishes take the sword from him and wrap both ends of it with towels. Then they kneel and support the sword on their bended knees, holding its sharp edge upwards. Some of the dervishes are hooting. Some of them are prostrated while

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others roll their eyes in agony. Now the sheik suddenly jumps upon the sharp edge of the sword holding himself lightly on the shoulders of the two men. But there is no blood. Howling above the voices of the other dervishes, he dances on the sword like a fakir.

Finishing his dance the sheik takes hold of the sword and places its blade flat on his stomach. With a strong push he pierces his skin and flesh with the sword's point without a move of his eyelids or a twitch on his face. Using both his hands he pushes the sword deeper and deeper until the point emerges from his belly's skin some ten inches away from the spot it entered. Then with a jerk he pushes the sword out without a sign of pain while his blood spurts wildly and covers his white belly with flowing red.

The dervishes stop their howling. They composedly pray Allah to forgive their sins asking his mercy in showing them the right way. The sacrificial sword is cleaned with towels and put back on the altar. It will be used many more Fridays by the sheik or by some of the dervishes with superhuman stamina. For sins against Allah are being committed every day and they have to be purged with one's own blood. And the wounds of the faithful heal in twenty-four hours, they believe.

Late at night one emerges from this tame-looking house. The thousands of lights of Sarajevo come into view. The hum of the river sounds like the howl of the dervishes. But the gong of a passing streetcar way below at the Moorish city hall sobers one up. This is almost in the heart of Europe! The Twentieth Century! Only a few hundred miles away from Vienna, Rome and Paris!

—Joseph Ciszek-Peters

SALON-SIZE PRINTS OF CORONET PHOTOGRAPHS

Arrangements have finally been completed whereby readers may obtain, at $1 each, salon-size contact prints, handsomely matted, of any of the photographs appearing in Coronet's pages. It was our original hope to be able to establish the $1 price for an 11″ x 14″ print, but at this figure we found it impossible to provide both for the payment of the individual photographer's royalty and for a protective and decorative mat on which to mount the actual photographic print. Since both considerations seemed important, we were obliged to fix the size of the print itself at 8″ x 10″, to which proportions the mat adds a couple of inches in each direction. The result is a beautiful mat-finish photograph, tastefully matted, eminently suited to preservation with or without framing. Orders on hand will be filled within a few days after this appears in print. New orders will be filled in about ten days after their receipt. Since this is a non-profit service, at our own clerical expense, check or money order must accompany all orders.

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"THE THINKING DOG"

HE SOLVED COMPLICATED PROBLEMS AND ANSWERED THEOLOGICAL QUERIES

He was Rolf, "the thinking dog," an Airedale terrier belonging to the wife of Dr. Morkel, advocate, of Mannheim, Germany. The good lady had no idea of Rolf's powers until one day, playfully, she said to him—"Rolf, what is two plus two?"

The dog patted her foot four times!

From that time she began seriously to educate him, working in the quiet patient way that one would adopt with a dumb child. There were at the time in Germany some thinking horses called the Elberfeld stallions which were startling Europe with their feats of mind. Rolf was soon up to them, making accurate complicated calculations in mathematics, reading written sentences, and communicating ideas and feelings by a code of taps with the paws. He could even understand the sorrows and joys of the household. One day Mrs. Morkel was weeping, her daughter having just left for boarding school. She felt a soft touch. There was Rolf. He tapped out—"Mother not cry; makes Rolf sad."

The Morkels were good Catholics, but when some visiting ecclesiastics put theological questions to the dog, and he answered according to the Catholic view, they were surprised. Herr Morkel asked Rolf where he got his information, and the dog with his habitual truthfulness answered "Catechism Fritz." This referred to the religious instruction of the Morkel's son Fritz, a period at which Rolf was always present.

On another occasion Dr. Volhard came. He was a man of science, level-headed and critical. Among the questions were:

Dr. Volhard—"What is an animal?"

Rolf (after thinking)—"A part of the primitive soul."

Dr. Volhard—"On the other hand, what is man?"

Rolf—"Also a part."

A painting of a dead bird was shown him. The bird, he said "had gone to the primitive soul."

Dr. William MacKenzie of Genoa, in No. 52 of the *Archives de Psychologie*, January, 1914, describes his three days experimenting with the dog. Here are a few reactions:

Dr. MacKenzie—"How are men different from women?"

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Rolf—"Trousers."

Dr. MacKenzie—"How does a dachshund differ from you?"

Rolf—"Other feet."

(The dachshund has very short legs. This is what Rolf meant.)

After the docter left he wrote a letter to Rolf, who was very pleased with it. He ran around the house after the elder daughter insisting she should take down this:

"Dear Dr. MacKenzie—come soon; never go away; bring pictures; yours too. Love—Rolf."

The following study of Rolf is from the London *Times*, June 15, 1914:

A journal has been established to deal entirely with the matter of animal consciousness. It is edited by Herr Karl Krall, the owner of the famous thinking horses, and is intended to be the organ for the Society for Animal Psychology. Its title is *Tierseele* (Animal Souls).

"The third number of this periodical contains an official history of the Mannheim dog, 'Rolf,' by his mistress, Madame Morkel. Some particulars concerning this 'reasoning dog' were given in the *Times* of April 15, by Mr. Arundel del Re, of University College, London. The details were taken, as the writer stated, from an article by Dr. MacKenzie, in the Italian Review *Psiche*. Dr. MacKenzie has also described his experiments with Rolf in No. 52 of the *Archives de Psychologie* (Geneva).

"Some of the stories told about this dog are very amusing. It is related of the dog by Dr. MacKenzie that Madame Morkel, having cause to suspect one of her children of getting help from somewhere in doing his sums, determined to watch the children while doing their lessons. The two youngest children were seated with the dog, and hardly had they heard their mother draw near, than they pushed him violently away, exclaiming, 'Be off, Rolf, here's mamma!' All three, said Madame Morkel, had the air of guilty persons taken in the act. The admission of the culprits confirmed her suspicions—the children made Rolf do their sums for them!"

Professor Marcus Hartog, M. A., D. So., F. L. S., F. R. H. S., Professor of Zoölogy in University College, Cork, has written as follows in *Strand Magazine* for August, 1914:

"Mr. Krall, the horse trainer of Elberfeld, wrote a letter to Rolf, accompanied by a picture book containing a drawing of a school for animals, where the animals were not giving satisfaction. Rolf's answer was: 'Love. Glad of book; Daisy (the cat) must see. Animals like learning, bookmaker, story telling. Plenty gentlemen were there. Christ child (Father Christmas) coming. Mother brings him. Horses have a (Christmas) tree, too. Rolf gives you little Rolf (photograph). Many kisses—Rolf.'"

This marvelous answer demanded eight hundred and fifty taps, and took fifty minutes. It was taken down in the presence of Professor Gruber, the Zoologist of Freiburg, Dr. Gruber,

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and several others, besides Mrs. and Miss Louise Morkel."

MM. J. Larguier des Blancels and Ed. Claparede Professor of Experimental Psychology at Geneva, and one of the editors of the *Archives de Psychologie* were invited to examine the dog, and spent a morning and an afternoon with him. They say—"He acquitted himself brilliantly. He 'tapped' spontaneously short sentences, addressed a letter to one of his ordinary correspondents, did little sums correctly, described pictures which were shown to him. In short, he 'spoke.'

"The broad fact is beyond doubt. What it is necessary to clear up is, in fact, to know if the word spoken is the expression of a personal thought, or if the animal is only, in relation to his mistress, a more or less passive instrument. In any case the Mannheim dog is a riddle which ought to be solved."

Dr. Hartog tells this story: "After the continental custom Jela was being shaved. She was an Airedale, Rolf's comrade. Despite her weekly bath they found plenty of fleas. Rolf tapped out: "Rolf plenty fleas, Jela plentier." During a conference with some learned men Rolf was rude. Suddenly he *scratched* and was rebuked for bad manners. He tapped out—"Belly bite bad."

Dr. Hartog writes: "It is obvious that the whole value of this account depends upon the overwhelming evidence of the eminent scientific men who have investigated the phenomena. To read over their protocols will convince any impartial reader of the authenticity and sincerity of their records, and, in my opinion, justify our willingness to accept in the same spirit the narrations of Mrs. Morkel, which, uncorroborated, would, we admit, be too startling for belief."

These are the men from whom Dr. Hartog obtained corroboration of the above: Emeritus Professor August Gruber; Dr. Karl Gruber, Lecturer on Zoölogy at the University of Munich; Professor Kraemer, of the Royal Agricultural College at Hohenheim, in Wurtemburg; and Dr. Paul Sarasin, of Basle, the well-know anthropologist and zoölogist.

Dr. Hartog concludes thus: "I reproduce a translation of Dr. Karl Gruber's letter: 'Dear Professor, I was able to arrange investigations which excluded all conscious or unconscious deception, for Rolf alone was able to see the problems set for him to solve, and solved them. With regards. Yours sincerely, (signed) Dr. Karl Gruber.'"

"To anyone," Dr. Hartog goes on, "who considers the evidence dispassionately, however, the admission of unsuspected powers of learning, thinking and expression in animals, becomes the only legitimate inference, startling as it at first appeared to all of us. I should add that neither the Mannheim dog nor the Elberfeld horses have ever been shown for money; the demonstration of their exploits has been a source of expense, not revenue."

—Peter Wolfe

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WHETHER you read everything or anything else in this issue we urge you to read *Milking the Public* by Dr. Clarence Cook Little, which you will find on page 23. Out of dozens of professional and scores of amateur offers of answers to the question *Is Milk Cancer's Ally?* as posed by Walter Clare Martin in the March issue, we chose Dr. Little's because his position as the director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, together with his own life-long record of research activities, seemed to qualify him admirably for the role. Dr. Little retired from the Presidency of the University of Michigan (where his brief and brilliantly iconoclastic reign brought joy to the open-minded and apoplexy to the stiff-necked) to become the director of The Jackson Memorial Laboratory, Bar Harbor, Maine. Since 1929 he has been the spearhead of the rapidly growing attack on cancer.

It would have been easy to put some doddering academic stuffed-shirt on the rostrum. And eager propagandists had to be repelled by main force. Then, too, we probably could have obtained a pontifical snort at Mr. Martin's question from the Medical Association. But we would have felt that we were giving Mr. Martin an unfair advantage, since his question merited more than a snort. Dr. Little answers it with a chuckle, his wit a match for Mr. Martin's own.

Many people have questioned Mr. Martin's motive in writing the original article. His statistics may not be above interpretation but his motive is beyond reproach. He lost a brother through cancer ten years ago, and never since then has stopped asking himself questions about the disease, questions which, he says, have shaken the dust out of some beards but that have not, so far, been answered to his own satisfaction.

★ ★ ★

ON page 190 you will notice that we have, at long last, completed the arrangements for supplying readers with salon-size matted contact prints of CORONET's photographs at the originally-hoped-for price of $1 each. The patience of hundreds who have had to wait this long for an answer to their inquiries and orders is greatly appreciated.

★ ★ ★

IF you like the CORONET in your hand you will probably like CORONET-ON-THE-AIR, Friday evenings on the NBC Blue Network from 9:30 to 10:00 P.M., Eastern Standard Time. Or maybe, even if you don't like the CORONET in your hand (by the way, do you?) but you do like music, you'll like CORONET-ON-THE-AIR. Or maybe, if you hate music, you still like Deems Taylor and you'll like CORONET-ON-THE-AIR. Anyway the air, to everyone but sponsors, is free.

★ ★ ★

The new issue of CORONET appears on the 25th of each month.

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CORONET

for

MAY

1937

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STEINER CORPORATION
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